THE

PILOT;

A

TALE OF THE SEA.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPY," "PIONEERS,"

&c. &c. &c.

List! ye landsmen all, to me.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, 5, NEW BRIDGE STREET,

BLACKFRIARS.

1824.

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET-STREET.



CHAPTER I.

> "How! Lucia, would'st thou have me sink away
> In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love—"
>
> *Cato.*

THE reader must not imagine that the world stood still during the occurrence of the scenes we have related. By the time the three seamen were placed in as many different rooms, and a sentinel was stationed in the gallery common to them all, in such a manner as to keep an eye on his whole charge at once, the hour had run deep into the night. Captain Borroughcliffe obeyed a summons from the colonel, who made him an evasive apology for the change in their evening's amusement, and challenged his guest to a renewal of the attack on the Madeira. This was too grateful a theme to be lightly discussed by the captain, and the abbey clock had given

forth as many of its mournful remonstrances as the division of the hours would permit, before they separated. In the meantime, Mr. Dillon became invisible; though a servant, when questioned by the host on the subject, announced, that "he believed Mr. Christopher had chosen to ride over to ———, to be in readiness to join the hunt, on the morning, with the dawn." While the gentlemen were thus indulging themselves in the dining parlour, and laughing over the tales of other times and hard campaigns, two very different scenes occurred in other parts of the building.

When the quiet of the abbey was only interrupted by the howling of the wind, or by the loud and prolonged laughs which echoed through the passages from the joyous pair, who were thus comfortably established by the side of the bottle, a door was gently opened in one of the galleries of the "cloisters," and Katherine Plowden issued from it, wrapped in a close mantle, and holding in her hand a chamber lamp, which threw its dim light faintly along the gloomy walls in front, leaving all behind

her obscured in darkness. She was, however, soon followed by two other female figures, clad in the same manner, and provided with similar lights. When all were in the gallery, Katherine drew the door softly to, and proceeded in front to lead the way.

"Hist!" said the low, tremulous voice of Cecilia, "they are yet up in the other parts of the house; and if it be as you suspect, our visit would betray them, and prove the means of their certain destruction."

"Is the laugh of Colonel Howard in his cups so singular and unknown to your ear, Cecilia, that you know it not?" said Katherine with a little spirit; "or do you forget that on such occasions he seldom leaves himself ears to hear, or eyes to see with. But follow me; it is as I suspect—it must be as I suspect; and unless we do something to rescue them, they are lost, without they have laid a deeper scheme than is apparent."

"It is a dangerous road ye both journey," added the placid tones of Alice

Dunscombe; "but ye are young, and ye are credulous."

"If you disapprove of our visit," said Cecilia, "it cannot be right, and we had better return."

"No, no, I have said naught to disapprove of your present errand. If God has put the lives of those in your custody whom ye have taught yourselves to look up to with love and reverence, such as woman is bound to yield to one man, he has done it for no idle purpose. Lead us to their doors, Katherine; let us relieve our doubts, at least."

The ardent girl did not wait for a second bidding, but she led them, with light and quick steps, along the gallery, until they reached its termination, where they descended to the basement floor, by a flight of narrow steps, and carefully opening a small door, they emerged into the open air. They now stood on a small plat of grass, which lay between the building and the ornamental garden, across which they moved rapidly, concealing their lights, and bending their shrinking forms before

the shivering blasts that poured their fury upon them from the ocean. They soon reached a large but rough addition to the buildings, that concealed its plain architecture behind the more laboured and highly finished parts of the edifice, into which they entered through a massive door that stood ajar, as if to admit them.

"Chloe has been true to my orders," whispered Katherine, as they passed out of the chilling air; "now, if all the servants are asleep, our chance to escape unnoticed amounts to certainty."

It became necessary to go through the servants' hall, which they effected unobserved, as it had but one occupant, an aged black man, who, being posted with his ear within two feet of a bell, in this attitude had committed himself to a deep sleep. Gliding through this hall, they entered divers long and intricate passages, all of which seemed as familiar to Katherine as they were unknown to her companions, until they reached another flight of steps, which they ascended. They were now near their goal, and stopped to examine

whether any or what difficulties were likely to be opposed to their further progress.

"Now, indeed, our case seems hopeless," whispered Katherine, as they stood, concealed by the darkness, in one end of an extremely long, narrow passage; "here is the sentinel in the building, instead of being, as I had supposed, under the windows; what is to be done now?"

"Let us return," said Cecilia, in the same manner; "my influence with my uncle is great, even though he seems unkind to us at times. In the morning I will use it to persuade him to free them, on receiving their promise to abandon all such attempts in future."

"In the morning it will be too late," returned Katherine; "I saw that demon, Kit Dillon, mount his horse, under the pretence of riding to the great hunt of to-morrow, but I know his malicious eye too well to be deceived in his errand. He is silent that he may be sure, and if to-morrow come, and find Griffith within these walls, he will be condemned to a scaffold."

"Say no more," said Alice Dunscombe, with singular emotion; "some lucky circumstance may aid us with this sentinel."

As she spoke, she advanced; they had not proceeded far, before the stern voice of the soldier challenged the party.

"'Tis no time to hesitate," whispered Katherine; "we are the ladies of the abbey, looking to our domestic affairs," she continued, aloud, "and think it a little remarkable that we are to encounter armed men, while going through our own dwelling."

The soldier respectfully presented his musket, and replied—

"My orders are to guard the doors of these three rooms, ladies; we have prisoners in them, and as for any thing else, my duty will be to serve you all in my power."

"Prisoners!" exclaimed Katherine, in affected surprise; "does Captain Borroughcliffe make St. Ruth's Abbey a gaol! Of what offences are the poor men guilty?"

"I know not, my lady; but as they are sailors, I suppose they have run from his majesty's service."

"This is singular, truly! and why are they not sent to the county prison?"

"This must be examined into," said Cecilia, dropping the mantle from before her face. "As mistress of this house, I claim a right to know whom its walls contain; you will oblige me by opening the doors, for I see you have the keys suspended from your belt."

The sentinel hesitated. He was greatly awed by the presence and beauty of the speakers, but a still voice reminded him of his duty. A lucky thought, however, interposed to relieve him from his dilemma, and at the same time to comply with the request, or, rather, order of the lady. As he handed her the keys, he said—

"Here they are, my lady; my orders are to keep the prisoners in, not to keep any one out. When you are done with them, you will please to return them to me, if it be only to save a poor fellow's

eyes, for unless the door is kept locked, I shall not dare to look about me for a moment."

Cecilia promised to return the keys, and she had applied one of them to a lock, with a trembling hand, when Alice Dunscombe arrested her arm, and addressed the soldier.

"Say you there are three? are they men in years?"

"No, my lady, all good serviceable lads, who couldn't do better than to serve his majesty, or, as it may prove, worse than to run from their colours."

"But are their years and appearance similar? I ask, for I have a friend who has been guilty of some boyish tricks, and has tried the seas, I hear, among other foolish hazards."

"There is no boy here. In the far room on the left is a smart, soldier-looking chap, of about thirty, who the captain thinks has carried a musket before now; on him I am charged to keep a particular eye. Next to him is as pretty a looking youth as eyes could wish to see, and it makes one

feel mournful to think what he must come to, if he has really deserted his ship. In the room near you, is a smaller, quiet little body, who might make a better preacher than a sailor or a soldier either, he has such a gentle way with him."

Alice covered her eyes with her hand a moment, and then recovering herself, proceeded—

"Gentleness may do more with the unfortunate men than fear; here is a guinea; withdraw to the far end of the passage, where you can watch them as well as here, while we enter, and endeavour to make them confess who and what they really are."

The soldier took the money, and after looking about him in a little uncertainty, he at length complied, as it was obviously true they could only escape by passing him, near the flight of steps. When he was beyond hearing, Alice Dunscombe turned to her companions, and a slight glow appeared in feverish spots on her cheeks, as she addressed them.

"It would be idle to attempt to hide

from you, that I expect to meet the individual whose voice I must have heard in reality to-night, instead of only imaginary sounds, as I vainly, if not wickedly supposed. I have many reasons for changing my opinion, the chief of which is, that he is leagued with the rebellious Americans in this unnatural war. Nay, chide me not, Miss Plowden; you will remember that I found my being on this island. I come here on no vain or weak errand, Miss Howard, but to spare human blood." She paused, as if struggling to speak calmly. "But no one can witness the interview except our God."

"Go, then," said Katherine, secretly rejoicing at her determination, "while we inquire into the characters of the others."

Alice Dunscombe turned the key, and gently opening the door, she bade her companions to tap for her, as they returned, and then instantly disappeared in the apartment.

Cecilia and her cousin proceeded to the

next door, which they opened in silence, and entered slowly into the room.

Katherine Plowden had so far examined into the arrangements of Colonel Howard, as to know that at the same time he had ordered blankets to be provided for the prisoners, he had not thought it necessary to administer any further to the accommodations of men who had apparently made their beds and pillows of planks for the greater part of their lives.

The ladies accordingly found the youthful sailor whom they sought, with his body rolled in the shaggy covering, extended at his length along the naked boards, and buried in a deep sleep. So timid were the steps of his visitors, and so noiseless was their entrance, that they approached even to his side, without disturbing his slumbers. The head of the prisoner lay rudely pillowed on a billet of wood, one hand protecting his face from its rough surface, and the other thrust into his bosom, where it rested, with a relaxed grasp, on the handle of a dirk. Although he slept, and that heavily,

yet his rest was unnatural and perturbed. His breathing was hard and quick, and something like the low rapid murmurings of a confused utterance mingled with his respiration. The moment had now arrived when the character of Cecilia Howard appeared to undergo an entire change. Hitherto she had been led by her cousin, whose activity and enterprise seemed to qualify her so well for the office of guide; but now she advanced before Katherine, and, extending her lamp in such a manner as to throw the light across the face of the sleeper, she bent to examine his countenance, with keen and anxious eyes.

"Am I right?" whispered her cousin.

"May God, in his infinite compassion, pity and protect him!" murmured Cecilia, her whole frame involuntarily shuddering, as the conviction that she beheld Griffith flashed across her mind. "Yes, Katherine, it is he, and presumptuous madness has driven him here. But time presses; he must be awakened, and his escape effected at every hazard."

"Nay, then, delay no longer, but rouse him from his sleep."

"Griffith! Edward Griffith!" said the soft tones of Cecilia, "Griffith, awake!"

"Your call is useless, for they sleep nightly among tempests and boisterous sounds," said Katherine; "but I have heard it said that the smallest touch will generally cause one of them to stir."

"Griffith!" repeated Cecilia, laying her fair hand timidly on his own.

The flash of the lightning is not more nimble than the leap that the young man made to his feet, which he no sooner gained, than his dirk gleamed in the light of the lamps, as he brandished it fiercely with one hand, while with the other he extended a pistol, in a menacing attitude, towards his disturbers.

"Stand back!" he exclaimed; "I am your prisoner only as a corpse!"

The fierceness of his front, and the glaring eyeballs, that rolled wildly around him, appalled Cecilia, who shrunk back in

fear, dropping her mantle from her person, but still keeping her mild eyes fastened on his countenance with a confiding gaze, that contradicted her shrinking attitude, as she replied—

"Edward, it is I; Cecilia Howard comes to save you from destruction; you are known even through your ingenious disguise."

The pistol and the dirk fell together on the blanket of the young sailor, whose looks instantly lost their disturbed expression in a glow of pleasure.

"Fortune at length favours me!" he cried. "This is kind, Cecilia; more than I deserve, and much more than I expected. But you are not alone."

"'Tis my cousin Kate; to her piercing eyes you owe your detection, and she has kindly consented to accompany me, that we might urge you to—nay, that we might, if necessary, assist you to fly. For 'tis cruel folly, Griffith, thus to tempt your fate."

"Have I tempted it, then, in vain?

Miss Plowden, to you I must appeal for an answer and a justification."

Katherine looked displeased, but after a moment's hesitation, she replied—

"Your servant, Mr. Griffith. I perceive that the erudite Captain Barnstable has not only succeeded in spelling through my scrawl, but he has also given it to all hands for perusal."

"Now you do both him and me injustice," said Griffith; "it surely was not treachery to show me a plan, in which I was to be a principal actor."

"Ah! doubtless your excuses are as obedient to your calls, as your men," returned the young lady; "but how comes it that the hero of the Ariel sends a deputy to perform a duty that is so peculiarly his own? is he wont to be second in rescues?"

"Heaven forbid that you should think so meanly of him, for a moment! We owe you much, Miss Plowden, but we may have other duties. You know that we serve our common country, and have a superior with us, whose beck is our law."

"Return, then, Mr. Griffith, while you may, to the service of our bleeding country," said Cecilia, "and, after the joint efforts of her brave children have expelled the intruders from her soil, let us hope there shall come a time when Katherine and myself may be restored to our native homes."

"Think you, Miss Howard, to how long a period the mighty arm of the British king may extend that time? We shall prevail; a nation fighting for its dearest rights must ever prevail; but 'tis not the work of a day, for a people, poor, scattered, and impoverished as we have been, to beat down a power like that of England; surely you forget that in bidding me to leave you with such expectations, Miss Howard, you doom me to an almost hopeless banishment."

"We must trust to the will of God," said Cecilia; "if he ordain that America is to be free only after protracted sufferings, I can aid her but with my prayers; but you have an arm and an experience, Griffith, that might do her better service; waste

not your usefulness, then, in visionary schemes for private happiness, but seize the moments as they offer, and return to your ship, if, indeed, it is yet in safety, and endeavour to forget this mad undertaking, and, for a time, the being who has led you to the adventure."

"This is a reception that I had not anticipated," returned Griffith; "for though accident, and not intention, has thrown me into your presence this evening, I did hope that when I again saw the frigate, it would be in your company, Cecilia."

"You cannot justly reproach me, Mr. Griffith, with your disappointment, for I have not uttered or authorized a syllable that could induce you or any one to believe that I would consent to quit my uncle."

"Miss Howard will not think me presumptuous, if I remind her that there was a time when she did not think me unworthy to be intrusted with her person and her happiness."

A rich bloom mantled on the face of Cecilia, as she replied—

"Nor do I now, Mr. Griffith; but you

do well to remind me of my former weakness, for the recollection of its folly and imprudence only adds to my present strength."

"Nay," interrupted her eager lover, "if I intended a reproach, or harboured a boastful thought, spurn me from you for ever, as unworthy of your favour."

"I acquit you of both, much easier than I can acquit myself of the charge of weakness and folly," continued Cecilia; "but there are many things that have occurred since we last met, to prevent a repetition of such inconsiderate rashness on my part. One of them is," she added, smiling sweetly, "that I have numbered twelve more months to my age, and a hundred to my experience. Another, and perhaps a more important one is, that my uncle then continued among the friends of his youth, surrounded by those whose blood mingles with his own; but here he lives a stranger; and though he finds some consolation in dwelling in a building where his ancestors have dwelt before him, yet he walks as an

alien through its gloomy passages, and would find the empty honour but a miserable compensation for the kindness and affection of one whom he has loved and cherished from her infancy."

"And yet he is opposed to you in your private wishes, Cecilia, unless my besotted vanity has led me to believe what it would now be madness to learn was false; and in your opinions of public things, you are quite as widely separated. I should think there could be but little happiness dependant on a connexion where there is no one feeling entertained in common."

"There is, and an all-important one," said Miss Howard; "'tis our love. He is my kind, my affectionate, and, unless thwarted by some evil cause, my indulgent uncle and guardian—and I am his brother Harry's child. This tie is not easily to be severed, Mr. Griffith, though, as I do not wish to see you crazed, I shall not add that your besotted vanity has played you false: but surely, Edward, it is possible to feel a double tie, and so to act as to dis-

charge our duties to both. I never, never can or will consent to desert my uncle, a stranger as he is in the land whose rule he upholds so blindly. You know not this England, Griffith; she receives her children from the colonies with cold and haughty distrust, like a jealous step-mother, who is wary of the favours that she bestows on her factitious offspring."

"I know her in peace, and I know her in war," said the young sailor, proudly, "and can add, that she is a haughty friend and a stubborn foe; but she grapples now with those who ask no more of her than an open sea and an enemy's favours. But this determination will be melancholy tidings for me to convey to Barnstable."

"Nay," said Cecilia, smiling, "I cannot vouch for others, who have no uncles, and who have an extra quantity of ill-humour and spleen against this country, its people, and its laws, although profoundly ignorant of them all."

"Is Miss Howard tired of seeing me under the tiles of St. Ruth?" asked Kathe-

rine. "But hark! are there not footsteps approaching along the gallery?"

They listened in breathless silence, and soon heard distinctly the approaching tread of more than one person. Voices were quite audible; and before they had time to consult on what was best to be done, the words of the speakers were distinctly heard at the door of their own apartment.

"Ay! he has a military air about him, Peters, that will make him a prize; come, open the door."

"This is not his room, your honour," said the alarmed soldier; "he quarters in the last room in the gallery."

"How know you that, fellow? come, produce the key, and open the way for me; I care not who sleeps here; there is no saying but I may enlist them all three."

A single moment of dreadful incertitude succeeded, when the sentinel was heard saying, in reply to this peremptory order—

"I thought your honour wanted to see the one with the black stock, and so left the

rest of the keys at the other end of the passage; but—"

"But nothing, you loon; a sentinel should always carry his keys about him, like a gaoler; follow, then, and let me see the lad who dresses so well to the right."

As the heart of Katherine began to beat less vehemently, she said—

"'Tis Borroughcliffe, and too drunk to see that we have left the key in the door; but what is to be done? we have but a moment for consultation."

"As the day dawns," said Cecilia, quickly, "I shall send here, under the pretence of conveying you food. My own woman—"

"There is no need of risking any thing for my safety," interrupted Griffith; "I hardly think we shall be detained, and if we are, Barnstable is at hand, with a force that would scatter these recruits to the four winds of heaven."

"Ah! that would lead to bloodshed and scenes of horror!" exclaimed Cecilia.

"Listen!" cried Katherine, "they approach again!"

A man now stopped once more at their door, which was opened softly, and the face of the sentinel was thrust into the apartment.

"Captain Borroughcliffe is on his rounds, and for fifty of your guineas I would not leave you here another minute."

"But one word more," said Cecilia.

"Not a syllable, my lady, for my life," returned the man; "the lady from the next room waits for you, and, in mercy to a poor fellow, go back where you came from."

The appeal was unanswerable, and they complied, Cecilia saying, as they left the room—

"I shall send you food in the morning, young man, and directions how to take the remedy necessary to your safety."

In the passage they found Alice Dunscombe, with her face concealed in her mantle, and, it would seem by the heavy sighs that escaped from her, deeply agitated by the interview which she had just encountered.

But as the reader may have some curio-

sity to know what occurred to distress this unoffending lady so sensibly, we shall detain the narrative, to relate the substance of that which passed between her and the individual whom she sought.

CHAPTER II.

> "As when a lion in his den
> Hath heard the hunters' cries,
> And rushes forth to meet his foes,
> So did the Douglass rise—"
>
> *Percy*

ALICE DUNSCOMBE did not find the second of the prisoners buried, like Griffith, in sleep, but he was seated on one of the old chairs that were in the apartment, with his back to the door, and apparently looking through the small window, on the dark and dreary scenery, over which the tempest was yet sweeping in its fury. Her approach was unheeded, until the light from her lamp glared across his eyes, when he started from his musing posture, and advanced to meet her. He was the first to speak.

"I expected this visit," he said, "when

I found that you recognised my voice, and I felt a deep assurance in my breast, that Alice Dunscombe would never betray me."

His listener, though expecting this confirmation of her conjectures, was unable to make an immediate reply, but she sunk into the seat he had abandoned, and waited a few moments, as if to recover her powers.

"It was, then, no mysterious warning! no airy voice that mocked my ear; but a dread reality!" she at length said, "Why have you thus braved the indignation of the laws of your country? on what errand of fell mischief has your ruthless temper again urged you to embark?"

"This is strong and cruel language, coming from you to me, Alice Dunscombe," returned the stranger, with cool asperity; "and the time has been, when I should have been greeted, after a shorter absence, with milder terms."

"I deny it not; I cannot, if I would, conceal my infirmity from myself or you; I hardly wish it to continue unknown to the world. If I have once esteemed you —if I have plighted to you my troth, and,

in my confiding folly, forgot my higher duties, God has amply punished me for the weakness in your own evil deeds."

"Nay, let not our meeting be embittered with useless and provoking recriminations," said the other; "for we have much to say before you communicate the errand of mercy on which you have come hither. I know you too well, Alice, not to see that you perceive the peril in which I am placed, and am willing to venture something for my safety. Your mother—does she yet live?"

"She is gone in quest of my blessed father," said Alice, covering her pale face with her hands; "they have left me alone, truly; for he who was to have been all to me, was first false to his faith, and has since become unworthy of my confidence."

The stranger became singularly agitated, his usually quiet eye glancing hastily from the floor to the countenance of his companion, as he paced the room with hurried steps; at length he replied—

"There is much, perhaps, to be said in explanation, that you do not know. I

left the country, because I found in it nothing but oppression and injustice, and I could not invite you to become the bride of a wanderer, without either name or fortune. But I have now the opportunity of proving my truth. You say you are alone; be so no longer, and try how far you were mistaken in believing that I should one day supply the place to you of both father and mother."

There is something soothing to a female ear in the offer of even protracted justice, and Alice spoke with less of acrimony in her tones, during the remainder of their conference, if not with less of severity in her language.

"You talk not like a man whose very life hangs but on a thread that the next minute may snap asunder. Whither would you lead me? is it to the tower at London?"

"Think not I have weakly exposed my person without a sufficient protection," returned the stranger, with cool indifference; "there are many gallant men who only wait my signal, to crush the paltry

force of this officer like a worm beneath my feet."

"Then has the conjecture of Colonel Howard been true! and the manner in which the enemy's vessels have passed the shoals, is no longer a mystery! you have been their pilot!"

"I have."

"What! would ye pervert the knowledge gained in the spring-time of your guileless youth to the foul purpose of bringing desolation to the doors of those you once knew and respected! John! John! is the image of the maiden whom in her morning of beauty and simplicity I believe you did love, so faintly impressed, that it cannot soften your hard heart to the misery of those among whom she has been born, and who compose her little world."

"Not a hair of theirs shall be touched, not a thatch shall blaze, nor shall a sleepless night befal the vilest among them—and all for your sake, Alice! England comes to this contest with a seared conscience, and bloody hands, but all shall be forgotten for the present, when both op-

portunity and power offer, to make her feel our vengeance, even in her vitals. I came not on such an errand."

"What, then, has led you blindly into snares, where all your boasted aid would avail you nothing; for, should I call aloud your name, even here, in the dark and dreary passages of this obscure edifice, the cry would echo through the country, ere the morning, and a whole people would be found in arms to punish your audacity."

"My name has been sounded, and that in no gentle strains," returned the pilot, scornfully, "when a whole people have quailed at it; the craven, cowardly wretches, flying before the man they had wronged. I have lived to bear the banners of the new republic, proudly in sight of the three kingdoms, when practised skill and equal arms have in vain struggled to pluck it down. Ay! Alice, the echoes of my guns are still roaring among your eastern hills, and would render my name more appalling than inviting to your sleeping yeomen."

"Boast not of the momentary success that the arm of God has yielded to your

unhallowed efforts," said Alice; "for a day of severe and heavy retribution must follow; nor flatter yourself with the idle hope, that your name, terrible as ye have rendered it to the virtuous, is sufficient of itself, to drive the thoughts of home, and country, and kin, from all who hear it. Nay, I know not that even now, in listening to you, I am not forgetting a solemn duty, which would teach me to proclaim your presence, that the land might know that her unnatural son is a dangerous burthen in her bosom."

The pilot turned quickly in his short walk; and, after reading her countenance, with the expression of one who felt his security, he said, in gentler tones—

"Would that be Alice Dunscombe! would that be like the mild, generous girl whom I knew in my youth! But, I repeat, the threat would fail to intimidate, even if you were capable of executing it. I have said that it is only to make the signal, to draw around me a force sufficient to scatter these dogs of soldiers to the four winds of heaven."

"Have you calculated your power justly, John?" said Alice, unconsciously betraying her deep interest in his safety. "Have you reckoned the probability of Mr. Dillon's arriving, accompanied by an armed band of horsemen, with the morning's sun? for it's no secret in the Abbey, that he is gone in quest of such assistance."

"Dillon!" exclaimed the pilot, starting; "who is he! and on what suspicion does he seek this addition to your guard?"

"Nay, John, look not at me, as if you would know the secrets of my heart. It was not I who prompted him to such a step; you cannot, for a moment, think that I would betray you! But too surely he has gone, and, as the night wears rapidly away, you should be using the hour of grace to effect your own security."

"Fear not for me, Alice," returned the pilot, proudly, while a faint smile struggled around his compressed lip; "and yet, I like not this movement, either. How call you his name? Dillon! is he a minion of King George?"

"He is, John, what you are not, a loyal subject of his sovereign lord the King, and, though a native of the revolted colonies, he has preserved his virtue uncontaminated amid the corruptions and temptations of the times."

"An American! and disloyal to the liberties of the human race! By Heaven, he had better not cross me; for if my arm reach him, it shall hold him forth as a spectacle of treason to the world."

"And has not the world enough of such spectacle in yourself? Are ye not, even now, breathing your native air, though lurking through the mists of the island, with desperate intent against its peace and happiness?"

A dark and fierce expression of angry resentment flashed from the eyes of the pilot, and even his iron frame seemed to shake with emotion, as he answered—

"Call you his dastardly and selfish treason, aiming, as it does, to aggrandize a few, at the expence of millions, a parallel case to the generous ardour that impels a man

to fight in the defence of sacred liberty? I might tell you that I am armed in the common cause of my fellow subjects and countrymen; that though an ocean divided us in distance, yet we are people of the same blood, and children of the same parents, and that the hand which oppresses one, inflicts an injury on the other. But I disdain all such narrow apologies. I was born on this orb, and I claim to be a citizen of it. A man with a soul, not to be limited by the arbitrary boundaries of tyrants and hirelings, but one who has the right as well as the inclination to grapple with oppression, in whosoever's name it is exercised, or in whatever hollow and specious shape it founds its claims to abuse our race."

"Ah! John, John, though this may sound like reason to rebellious ears, to mine it seemeth only as the ravings of insanity. It is in vain ye build up your new and disorganizing systems of rule, or rather misrule, which are opposed to all that the world has ever yet done, or will ever see done in peace

and happiness. What avail your subtleties and false reasonings against the heart. It is the heart which tells us where our home is, and how to love it."

"You talk like a weak and prejudiced woman, Alice," said the pilot, more composedly; "and one who would shackle nations with the ties that bind the young and feeble of your own sex together."

"And by what holier or better bond can they be united!" said Alice. "Are not the relations of domestic life of God's establishing, and have not nations grown from families, as branches spread from the stem, till the tree overshadows the land! 'Tis an ancient and sacred tie that binds man to his nation, neither can it be severed without infamy."

The pilot smiled disdainfully, and throwing open the rough exterior of his dress, he drew forth in succession, several articles, with a glowing pride lighting his countenance, as he offered them singly to her notice.

"See, Alice!" he said, "call you this infamy! This broad sheet of parchment

is stamped with a seal of no mean importance, and it bears the royal name of the princely Louis also! And view this cross! decorated as it is with jewels, the gift of the same illustrious hand; it is not apt to be given to the children of infamy, neither is it wise or decorous to stigmatize a man who has not been thought unworthy to consort with princes and nobles, by the opprobrious name of the "Scotch pirate."

"And have ye not earned the title, John, by ruthless deeds and bitter animosity! I could kiss the baubles ye show me, if they were a thousand times less splendid, had they been laid upon your breast by the hands of your lawful prince; but now they appear to my eyes only as indelible blots upon your attainted name. As to your associates, I have heard of them; and it seemeth that a queen might be better employed than encouraging by her smiles the disloyal subjects of other monarchs, though even her enemies. God only knows when his pleasure may suffer a spirit of disaffection to rise up among the people of her own nation, and then the thought that

she has encouraged rebellion may prove both bitter and unwelcome."

"That the royal and lovely Antoinette has deigned to repay my services with a small portion of her gracious approbation, is not among the least of my boasts," returned the pilot, in affected humility, while secret pride was manifested even in his proud attitude. "But venture not a syllable in her dispraise, for you know not whom you censure. She is less distinguished by her illustrious birth and elevated station, than by her virtues and loveliness. She lives the first of her sex in Europe—the daughter of an emperor, the consort of the most powerful king, and the smiling and beloved patroness of a nation who worship at her feet. Her life is above all reproach, as it is above all earthly punishment, were she so lost as to merit it; and it has been the will of Providence to place her far beyond the reach of all human misfortunes."

"Has it placed her above human errors, John! punishment is the natural and inevitable consequence of sin, and

unless she can say more than has ever fallen to the lot of humanity to say truly, she may yet be made to feel the chastening arm of One, to whose eyes all her pageantry and power are as vacant as the air she breathes — so insignificant must it seem when compared to his own just rule! But if you vaunt that you have been permitted to kiss the hem of the robes of the French queen, and have been the companion of high-born and flaunting ladies, clad in their richest array, can ye yet say to yourself, that amid them all ye have found one whose tongue has been bold to tell you the truth, or whose heart has sincerely joined in her false professions?"

"Certainly, none have met me with the reproaches that I have this night received from Alice Dunscombe, after a separation of six long years," returned the pilot reproachfully.

"If I have spoken to you the words of holy truth, John, let them not be the less welcome, because they are strangers to your ears. Oh! think that she who has thus dared to use the language of reproach

to one whose name is terrible to all who live on the border of this island, is led to the rash act by no other motive than interest in your eternal welfare."

"Alice! Alice, you madden me with these foolish speeches! Am I a monster to frighten unprotected women and helpless children? What mean these epithets, as coupled with my name? Have you too lent a credulous ear to the vile calumnies with which the policy of your rulers have ever attempted to destroy the fair fame of those who oppose them, and those chiefly who oppose them with success? My name may be terrible to the officers of the royal fleet, but where and how have I earned a claim to be considered formidable to the helpless and unoffending?"

Alice Dunscombe cast a furtive and timid glance at the pilot, which spoke even stronger than her words, as she replied—

"I know not that all which is said of you and your deeds is true. I have often prayed in bitterness and sorrow, that a tenth part of that which is laid to your charge may not be heaped on your devoted

head at the great and final account. But, John, I have known you long and well, and Heaven forbid, that, on this solemn occasion, which may be the last of our earthly interviews, I should be found wanting in christian duty, through a woman's weakness. I have often thought, when I have heard the gall of bitter reproach and envenomed language hurled against your name, that they who spoke so rashly, little understood the man they vituperated. But, though ye are at times, and I may say almost always, as mild and even as the smoothest sea over which ye have ever sailed, yet God has mingled in your nature a fearful mixture of fierce passions, which roused, are more like the southern waters when troubled with the tornado. It is difficult for me to say, how far this evil spirit may lead a man, who has been goaded by fancied wrongs, to forget his country and home, and who is suddenly clothed with power to show his resentments."

The pilot listened with rooted attention, and his piercing eye seemed to reach to the seat of those thoughts which she but

half expressed; still, he retained the entire command of himself, and answered more in sorrow than in anger—

"If any thing could convert me to your own peaceful and unresisting opinions, Alice, it would be the reflections that offer themselves at this conviction, that even you have been led, by the base tongues of my dastardly enemies, to doubt my honour and conduct. What is fame, when a man can be thus traduced to his nearest friends! But no more of these childish reflections! They are unworthy of myself, my office, and the sacred cause in which I have enlisted!"

"Nay, John, shake them not off," said Alice, with deep interest, unconsciously laying her hand on his arm; "they are as the dew to the parched herbage, and may freshen the feelings of your youth, and soften the heart that has grown hard, if hard it be, more by unnatural indulgence, than its own base inclinations."

"Alice Dunscombe," said the pilot, approaching her with solemn earnestness, "I have learnt much this night, though I

came not in quest of such knowledge. You have taught me how powerful is the breath of the slanderer, and how frail is the tenure by which we hold our good names. Full twenty times have I met the hirelings of your prince in open battle, fighting ever manfully under that flag which was first raised to the breeze by my own hands, and which, I thank my God, I have never yet seen lowered an inch; but with no one act of cowardice or private wrong, in all that service, can I reproach myself; and yet, how am I rewarded! The tongue of the vile calumniator is keener than the sword of the warrior, and leaves a more indelible scar!"

"Never have ye uttered a truer sentiment, John, and God send that ye may encourage such thoughts to your own eternal advantage," said Alice, with engaging interest. "You say that you have risked your precious life in twenty combats, and observe how little of Heaven's favour is bestowed on the abettors of rebellion! They tell me that the world has never witnessed a more desperate and bloody

struggle than this last, for which your name has been made to sound to the furthermost ends of the isle."

" 'Twill be known wherever naval combats are spoken of," interrupted the pilot, the melancholy which had begun to lower in his countenance, giving place to a look of proud exultation.

" .And yet, its fancied glory cannot shield your name from wrong, nor are the rewards of the victor equal, in a temporal sense, to those which the vanquished has received. Know you that our gracious monarch, deeming your adversary's cause so sacred, has extended to him his royal favour?"

" Ay, he has dubbed him knight!" exclaimed the pilot, with a scornful and bitter laugh; " let him be again furnished with a ship, and me with another opportunity, and I promise him an earldom, if being again vanquished can constitute a claim!"

" Speak not so rashly, nor vaunt yourself of possessing a protecting power, that may desert you, John, when you most

need it, and least expect the change," returned his companion; "the battle is not always to the strong, neither is the race to the swift."

"Forget you, my good Alice, that your words will admit of a double meaning? Has the battle been to the strong? Though you say not well in denying the race to the swift. Yes, yes, often and again have the dastards escaped me by their prudent speed! Alice Dunscombe, you know not a thousandth part of the torture that I have been made to feel, by high-born miscreants, who envy the merit they cannot equal, and detract from the glory of deeds that they dare not attempt to emulate. How have I been cast upon the ocean like some unworthy vessel that is commissioned to do a desperate deed, and then to bury itself in the ruin it has made! How many malignant hearts have triumphed, as they beheld my canvas open, thinking that it was spread to hasten me to a gibbet, or to a tomb in the bosom of the ocean; but I have disappointed them!"

The eyes of the pilot no longer gazed

with their pierced and settled meaning, but they flashed with a fierce and wild pleasure, as he continued, in a louder voice—

"Yes, bitterly have I disappointed them! Oh! the triumph over my fallen enemies has been tame, to this heartfelt exultation which places me immeasurably above those false and craven hypocrites! I begged, I implored, the Frenchmen, for the meanest of their craft, which possessed but the common qualities of a ship of war; I urged the policy and necessity of giving me such a force, for even then I promised to be found in harm's way; but, envy and jealousy robbed me of my just dues, and of more than half my glory. They call me pirate! If I have a claim to the name, it was furnished more by the paltry outfit of my friends, than by any acts towards my enemies!"

"And do not these recollections prompt you to return to your allegiance to your prince and native land, John?" said Alice, in a subdued voice.

"Away with the silly thought," interrupted the pilot, recalled to himself as if

by a sudden conviction of the weakness he had betrayed; "it is ever thus where men are made conspicuous by their works—but to your visit—I have the power to rescue myself and companions from this paltry confinement, and yet I would not have it done with violence, for your sake.—Bring you the means of doing it in quiet?"

"When the morning arrives, you will be all conducted to the apartment where we first met. This will be done at the solicitation of Miss Howard, under the plea of compassion and justice, and with the professed object of inquiring into your situations. Her request will not be refused, and while your guard is stationed at the door, you will be shown, by another entrance through the private apartments of the wing, to a window, whence you can easily leap to the ground, where a thicket is at hand; afterwards we shall trust your safety to your own discretion?"

"And if this Dillon, of whom you have spoken, should suspect the truth, how will

you answer to the law for aiding our escape?"

"I believe he little dreams who is among the prisoners," said Alice, musing, "though he may have detected the character of one of your companions. But it is a private feeling, rather than public spirit, that urges him on."

"I have suspected something of this," returned the pilot, with a smile, that crossed those features where ungovernable passions had so lately been exhibited, with an effect, that might be likened to the last glimmering of an expiring conflagration, serving to render the surrounding ruin more obvious. "This young Griffith has led me from my direct path, with his idle imprudence, and it is right that his mistress should incur some risk. But with you, Alice, the case is different; here you are only a guest, and it is unnecessary that you should be known in the unfortunate affair. Should my name get abroad, this recreant American, this Colonel Howard, will find all the favour he has purchased

by his advocating the cause of tyranny, necessary to protect him from the displeasure of the ministry."

"I fear to trust so delicate a measure to the young discretion of my amiable friend," said Alice, shaking her head.

"Remember, that she has her attachment to plead in her excuse; but dare you say to the world that you still remember, with gentle feelings, the man whom you stigmatize with such opprobrious epithets!"

A slight colour gleamed over the pallid brow of Alice Dunscombe, as she uttered in a voice that was barely audible—

"There is no longer a reason why the world should know of such a weakness, though it did exist." And, as the faint glow passed away, leaving her face pale, nearly as the hue of death, her eyes kindled with unusual fire, she added, "They can but take my life, John, and that I am ready to lay down in your service!"

"Alice!" exclaimed the softened pilot, "my kind, my gentle Alice!"—

The knock of the sentinel at the door was heard at this critical moment. Without waiting for a reply to his summons, the man entered the apartment, and, in hurried language, declared the urgent necessity that existed for the lady to retire. A few brief remonstrances were uttered by both Alice and the pilot, who wished to comprehend more clearly each other's intentions relative to the intended escape; but the fear of personal punishment rendered the soldier obdurate, and a dread of exposure at length induced the lady to comply. She arose, and was leaving the apartment with lingering steps, when the pilot, touching her hand, whispered to her impressively—

"Alice, we meet again before I leave this island for ever."

"We meet in the morning, John," she returned, in the same tone of voice, "in the apartments of Miss Howard."

He dropped her hand, and she glided from the room, when the impatient sentinel closed the door, and silently turned the key on his prisoner. The pilot remained

in a listening attitude, until the light footsteps of the retiring pair were no longer audible, when he paced his confined apartment with perturbed steps, occasionally pausing to look out at the driving clouds, and the groaning oaks that were trembling and rocking their broad arms in the fitful gusts of the gale. In a few minutes the tempest in his own passions had gradually subsided to the desperate and still calmness that made him the man he was; when he again seated himself where Alice had found him, and began to muse on the events of the times, from which, the transition to projecting schemes of daring enterprize and mighty consequences was but the usual employment of his active and restless mind.

CHAPTER III.

"*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I've reason good enough."

Twelfth Night.

The countenance of Captain Borroughcliffe, when the sentinel admitted him to the apartment that he had selected, was in that state of doubtful illumination, when looks of peculiar cunning blend so nicely with the stare of vacancy, that the human face is rendered not unlike an April day, now smiling and inviting, and at the next moment clouded and dreary. It was quite apparent that the soldier had an object for his unexpected visit, by the importance of his air, and the solemnity of the manner with which he entered on the business. He waved his hand for the sentinel to retire, with lofty dignity, and continued balancing his body, during the closing of

the door, and while a sound continued audible to his confused faculties, with his eyes fixed in the direction of the noise, with that certain sort of wise look, that in many men supplies the place of something better. When the captain felt himself secure from interruption, he moved round with quick military precision, in order to face the man of whom he was in quest. Griffith had been sleeping, though uneasily, and with watchfulness; and the pilot was calmly waiting a visit which it seems he had anticipated; but their associate, who was no other than Captain Manual, of the marines, was discovered in a very different condition. Though the weather was cool, and the night tempestuous, he had thrown aside his pea-jacket, and much of his disguise, and was sitting ruefully on his blanket, wiping, with one hand, the large drops of sweat from his forehead, and occasionally grasping his throat with the other, with a kind of convulsed, mechanical movement. He stared wildly at his visitor, though his entrance produced no

other alteration in these pursuits, than a more diligent application of his handkerchief, and a more frequent grasping of his naked neck, as if he were willing to ascertain by actual experiment, what degree of pressure the part was able to sustain, without exceeding a given quantity of inconvenience.

"Comrade, I greet ye!" said Borroughcliffe, staggering to the side of his prisoner, where he seated himself with an entire absence of ceremony; "Comrade, I greet ye! Is the kingdom in danger, that gentlemen traverse the island in the uniform of the regiment of incognitus, incognitii, 'torum—dammee, how I forget my Latin! Say, my fine fellow, are you one of these 'torums?"

Manual breathed a little hard, which, considering the manner he had been using his throat, was a thing to be expected; but, swallowing his apprehensions, he answered with more spirit than his situation rendered prudent, or the occasion demanded.

"Say what you will of me, and treat me as you please, I defy any man to call me tory with truth."

"You are no 'torum! Well, then, the war office has got up a new dress! Your regiment must have earned their facings in storming some water battery, or perhaps it has done duty as marines. Am I right?"

"I'll not deny it," said Manual, more stoutly; "I have served as a marine for two years, though taken from the line of"—

"The army," said Borroughcliffe, interrupting a most damning confession of which "state line" the other had belonged to. "I kept a dog watch myself, once, on board the fleet of my Lord Howe; but it is a service that I do not envy any man. Our afternoon parades were dreadfully unsteady, for it's a time, you know, when a man wants solid ground to stand on. However, I purchased my company with some prize-money that fell in my way, and I always remember the marine service with gratitude. But this is dry work. I have put a bottle of sparkling Madeira in

my pocket, with a couple of glasses, which we will discuss while we talk over more important matters. Thrust your hand into my right pocket; I have been used to dress to the front so long, that it comes mighty awkward to me to make this backward motion, as if it were into a cartridge box."

Manual, who knew not how to construe the manner or language of the other, perceived at once a good deal of plain English in this request, and he dislodged one of Colonel Howard's dusty looking bottles with a dexterity that denoted the earnestness of his purpose. Borroughcliffe had made a suitable provision of glasses, and extracting the cork in a certain scientific manner, he tendered to his companion a bumper of the liquor before another syllable was uttered by either of the expectants. The gentlemen concluded their draughts with a couple of smacks, that sounded not unlike the pistols of two practised duellists, though certainly a much less alarming noise; when the entertainer renewed the discourse.

"I like one of your musty-looking bottles, that is covered with dust and cobwebs, with a good southern tan on it," he said. "Such liquor does not abide in the stomach, but it gets into the heart at once, and becomes blood in the beating of a pulse. But how soon I knew you! That sort of knowledge is the freemasonry of our craft. I knew you to be the man you are, the moment I laid eyes on you in what we call our guard-room; but I thought I would humour the old soldier who lives here, by letting him have the formula of an examination, as a sort of deference to his age and former rank. But I knew you the instant I saw you. I have seen you before!"

The theory of Borroughcliffe, in relation to the incorporation of wine with the blood, might have been true in the case of the marine, whose whole frame appeared to undergo a kind of magical change by the experiment of drinking, which, the reader will understand, was diligently persevered in, while a drop remained in the

bottle. The perspiration no longer rolled from his brow, neither did his throat manifest that uneasiness which had rendered such constant external applications necessary; but he settled down into an air of cool and collected curiosity and interest, which, in some measure, was the necessary concomitant of his situation.

"We may have met before, as I have been much in service, and yet I know not where you could have seen me," said Manual. "Were you ever a prisoner of war?"

"Hum! not exactly such an unfortunate devil; but a sort of conventional non-combatant. I shared the hardships, the glory, the equivocal victories, (where we killed and drove countless numbers of rebels—who were not,) and, wo is me! the capitulation of Burgoyne. But let that pass—which was more than the Yankees would allow us to do. You know not where I could have seen you? I have seen you on parade, in the field, in battle and out of battle, in camp, in barracks, in short, every

where but in a drawing-room. No, no; I have never seen you before this night in a drawing-room!"

Manual stared in a good deal of wonder, and some uneasiness, at these confident assertions, which promised to put his life in no little jeopardy; and it is to be supposed that the peculiar sensation about the throat was revived, as he made a heavy draught before he said—

"You will swear to this—Can you cal me by name?"

"I will swear to it in any court in Christendom," said the dogmatical soldier; "and your name is—is—Fugleman."

"If it is, I'll be damn'd!" exclaimed the other, with exulting precipitation.

"Swear not!" said Borroughcliffe, with a solemn air; "for what mattereth an empty name! Call thyself by what appellation thou wilt, I know thee. Soldier is written on thy martial front; thy knee bendeth not; nay, I even doubt if the rebellious member bow in prayer."—

"Come, sir," interrupted Manual, a little sternly; "no more of this trifling,

but declare your will at once. Rebellious member, indeed! These fellows will call the skies of America rebellious heavens shortly!"

"I like thy spirit, lad," returned the undisturbed Borroughcliffe; "it sits as gracefully on a soldier, as his sash and gorget; but it is lost on an old campaigner. I marvel, however, that thou takest such umbrage at my slight attack on thy orthodoxy. I fear the fortress must be weak, where the outworks are defended with such a waste of unnecessary courage."

"I know not why or wherefore you have paid me this visit, Captain Borroughcliffe," said Manual, with a laudable discretion, which prompted him to reconnoitre the other's views a little, before he laid himself more open; "if captain be your rank, and Borroughcliffe be your name. But this I do know, that if it be only to mock me in my present situation, it is neither soldier-like nor manly; and it is what, in other circumstances, might be attended by some hazard."

"Hum!" said the other, with his im-

movable coolness; "I see you set the wine down as nothing, though the king drinks not as good; for the plain reason that the sun of England cannot find its way through the walls of Windsor Castle as easily as the sun of Carolina can warm a garret covered with cedar shingles. But I like your spirit more and more. So draw yourself up in battle array, and let us have another charge at this black bottle, when I shall lay before your military eyes a plan of the whole campaign."

Manual first bestowed an inquiring glance at his companion, when, discovering no other expression than foolish cunning, which was fast yielding before the encroaching footsteps of stupid inebriety, he quietly placed himself in the desired position. The wine was drunk, when Borroughcliffe proceeded to open his communication more unreservedly.

"You are a soldier, and I am a soldier. That you are a soldier, my orderly could tell; for the dog has both seen a campaign, and smelt villainous saltpetre, when compounded according to a wicked inven-

tion; but it required the officer to detect the officer. Privates do not wear such linen as this, which seemeth to me an unreasonably cool attire for the season; nor velvet stocks, with silver buckles; nor is there often the odorous flavour of sweet-scented pomatum to be discovered around their greasy locks. In short, thou art both soldier and officer."

"I confess it," said Manual; "I hold the rank of captain, and shall expect the treatment of one."

"I think I have furnished you with wine fit for a general," returned Borroughcliffe; "but have your way. Now, it would be apparent to men, whose faculties had not been rendered clear by such cordials as this dwelling aboundeth with, that when you officers journey through the island, clad in the uniform incognitorum, which, in your case, means the marine corps, that something is in the wind of more than usual moment. Soldiers owe their allegiance to their prince, and next to him, to war, women, and wine. Of war, there is none in the realm; of women,

plenty; but wine, I regret to say, that is, good wine, grows both scarce and dear. Do I speak to the purpose, comrade?"

"Proceed," said Manual, whose eyes were not less attentive than his ears, in a hope to discover whether his true character were understood.

"En avant! in plain English, forward march! Well then, the difficulty lies between women and wine; which, when the former are pretty, and the latter rich, is a very agreeable sort of an alternative. That it is not wine of which you are in quest, I must believe, my comrade captain, or you would not go on the adventure in such shabby attire. You will excuse me, but who would think of putting any thing better than their port before a man in a pair of tarred trowsers. No! no! Hollands, green-and-yellow Hollands, is a potation good enough to set before one of thy present bearing."

"And yet I have met with him who has treated me to the choicest of the south-side Madeira?"

"Know you the very side from which

the precious fluid comes! That looks more in favour of the wine. But, after all, woman, dear capricious woman, who one moment fancies she sees a hero in regimentals, and the next, a saint in a cassock; and who always sees something admirable in a suitor, whether he be clad in tow or velvet—woman is at the bottom of this mysterious masquerading. Am I right, comrade?"

By this time, Manual had discovered that he was safe, and he returned to the conversation with a revival of all his ready wits, which had been strangely paralyzed by his previous disorder in the region of the throat. First bestowing a wicked wink on his companion, and a look that would have outdone the wisest aspect of Solomon, he replied—

"Ah! woman has much to answer for!"

"I knew it," exclaimed Borroughcliffe; "and this confession only confirms me in the good opinion I have always entertained of myself. If his majesty has any particular wish to close this American

business, let him have a certain convention burnt, and a nameless person promoted, and we shall see! But, answer as you love truth; is it a business of holy matrimony, or a mere dalliance with the sweets of Cupid?"

"Of honest wedlock," said Manual, with an air as serious as if Hymen already held him in his fetters.

"'Tis honest! Is there money?"

"Is there money!" repeated Manual, with a sort of contemptuous echo. "Would a soldier part with his liberty but with his life, unless the chains were made of gold?"

"That's the true military doctrine!" cried the other; "faith, you have some discretion in your amphibious corps, I find! But why this disguise, are the 'seniors grave,' as well as 'potent and reverend?' Why this disguise, I again ask?"

"Why this disguise!" repeated Manual, coolly; "Is there any such thing as love in your regiment without disguise? With us it is a regular symptom of the disease."

"A most just and discreet description

of the passion, my amphibious comrade!" said the English officer; and yet the symptoms in your case are attended by some very malignant tokens. Does your mistress love tar?"

"No; but she loveth me; and, of course, whatever attire I choose to appear in."

"Still discreet and sagacious! and yet only a most palpable feint to avoid my direct attack. You have heard of such a place as Gretna Green, a little to the north of this, I dare say, my aquatic comrade. Am I right?"

"Gretna Green!" said Manual, a little embarrassed by his ignorance; "some parade ground, I suppose?"

"Ay, for those who suffer under the fire of Master Cupid. A parade ground! well, there is some artful simplicity in that! But all will not do with an old campaigner. It is a difficult thing to impose on an old soldier, my marine friend. Now listen and answer; and you shall see what it is to possess a discernment—therefore deny nothing. You are in love?"

"I deny nothing," said Manual, comprehending at once that this was his safest course.

"Your mistress is willing, and the money is ready, but the old people say, halt!"

"I am still mute."

"'Tis prudent. You say, march—Gretna Green is the object; and your flight is to be by water?"

"Unless I can make my escape by water, I shall never make it," said Manual, with another sympathetic movement with his hand to his throat.

"Keep mute; you need tell me nothing. I can see into a mystery that is as deep as a well, to-night. Your companions are hirelings; perhaps your shipmates; or men to pilot you on this expedition?"

"One is my shipmate, and the other is our pilot," said Manual, with more truth than usual.

"You are well provided. One thing more, and I shall become mute in my turn. Does she whom you seek lie in this house?"

"She does not; she lies but a short distance from this place; and I should be a happy fellow, could I but once more put—"

"Eyes on her. Now listen, and you shall have your wish. You possess the ability to march yet, which, considering the lateness of the hour, is no trifling privilege; open that window—is it possible to descend from it?"

Manual eagerly complied, but he turned from the place in disappointment.

"It would be certain death to attempt the leap. The devil only could escape from it."

"So I should think," returned Borroughcliffe, dryly. "You must be content to pass for that respectable gentleman, for the rest of your days, in St. Ruth's Abbey. For through that identical hole must you wing your flight on the pinions of love!"

"But how! The thing is impossible."

"In imagination only. There is some stir, a good deal of foolish apprehension, and a great excess of idle curiosity, among certain of the tenants of this house on your account. They fear the rebels, who, we all know, have not soldiers enough to do their work neatly at home, and who of course would never think of sending any here. You wish to be snug—I wish to

serve a brother in distress. Through that window you must be supposed to fly—no matter how; while by following me you can pass the sentinel, and retire peaceably, like any other mortal, on your own two stout legs."

This was a result that exceeded all that Manual had anticipated from their amicable but droll dialogue; and the hint was hardly given, before he threw on the garments that agitation had before rendered such encumbrances, and in less time than we have taken to relate it, the marine was completely equipped for his departure. In the meantime, Captain Borroughcliffe raised himself to an extremely erect posture, which he maintained with the inflexibility of a rigid martinet. When he found himself established on his feet, the soldier intimated to his prisoner that he was ready to proceed. The door was instantly opened by Manual, and together they entered the gallery.

"Who comes there?" cried the sentinel, with a vigilance and vigour that he

intended should compensate for his previous neglect of duty.

"Walk straight, that he may see you," said Borroughcliffe, with much philosophy.

"Who goes there?" repeated the sentinel, throwing his musket to a poise, with a rattling sound that echoed along the naked walls.

"Walk crooked," added Borroughcliffe, "that if he fire he may miss."

"We shall be shot at, with this folly," muttered Manual. "We are friends, and your officer is one of us."

"Stand friends—advance officer and give the countersign," cried the sentinel.

"That is much easier said than done," returned his captain; "forward! Mr. Amphibious, you can walk like a postman—move to the front and proclaim the magical word, 'loyalty;' 'tis a standing countersign, ready furnished to my hands by mine host, the colonel; your road is then clear before you—but hark—"

Manual made an eager step forward, when, recollecting himself, he turned, and added—

"My assistants, the seamen! I can do nothing without them."

"Lo! the keys are in the doors, ready for my admission," said the Englishman; "turn them and bring out your forces."

Quick as thought, Manual was in the room of Griffith, to whom he briefly communicated the situation of things, when he re-appeared in the passage, and then proceeded on a similar errand to the room of the pilot.

"Follow, and behave as usual," he whispered; "say not a word, but trust all to me."

The pilot arose, and obeyed these instructions, without asking a question, with the most admirable coolness.

"I am now ready to proceed," said Manual, when they had joined Borroughcliffe.

During the short time occupied in these arrangements, the sentinel and his captain had stood looking at each other, with great military exactitude. The former ambitious of manifesting his watchfulness; the latter awaiting the return of the ma-

rine. The captain now beckoned to Manual to advance and give the countersign.

"Loyalty," whispered Manual, when he approached the sentinel. But the soldier had been allowed time to reflect; and as he well understood the situation of his officer, he hesitated to allow the prisoner to pass. After a moment's pause, he said—

"Advance friends." At this summons, the whole party moved to the point of his bayonet; when the man continued, "The prisoners have the countersign ,Captain Borroughcliffe, but I dare not let them pass."

"Why not?" asked the captain; "am I not here, sirrah; do you not know me?"

"Yes, sir, I know your honour, and respect your honour; but I was posted here by my sergeant, and ordered not to let these men pass out on any account."

"That's what I call good discipline," said Borroughcliffe, with an exulting laugh; "I knew the lad would not mind me any more than he would obey the orders of that lamp. Here are no

slaves of the lamp, my amphibious comrade; drill ye your marines in this consummate style to niceties?"

"What means this trifling?" said the pilot, sternly.

"Ah! I thought I should turn the laugh on you," cried Manual, affecting to join in the mirth; "we know all these things well, and we practise them in our corps; but though the sentinel cannot know you, the sergeant will; so let him be called, and orders be given through him to the man on post, that we may pass out."

"Your throat grows uneasy, I see," said Borroughcliffe; "you crave another bottle of the generous fluid. Well, it shall be done. Sentinel, you can throw up yon window, and give a call to the sergeant."

"The outcry will ruin us," said the pilot, in a whisper to Griffith.

"Follow me," said the young sailor. The sentinel was turning to execute the orders of his captain, as Griffith spoke; when springing forward, in an instant he wrenched the musket from his hands; a

heavy blow with its butt, felled the astonished soldier to the floor; then, poising his weapon, Griffith exclaimed—

"Forward! we can clear our own way now!"

"On!" said the pilot, leaping lightly over the prostrate soldier, a dagger gleaming in one hand, and a pistol presented in the other. Manual was by his side in an instant, armed in a similar manner; and the three rushed together from the building, without meeting any one to oppose their flight.

Borroughcliffe was utterly unable to follow; and so astounded was he by this sudden violence, that several minutes passed before he was restored to the use of his speech, a faculty which seldom deserted him. The man had recovered his senses and his feet, however; and the two stood gazing at each other in mute condolence. At length the sentinel broke the silence—

"Shall I give the alarm, your honour?"

"I rather think not, Peters. I wonder if there be any such thing as gratitude or good breeding in the marine corps!"

" I hope your honour will remember that I did my duty, and that I was disarmed while executing your orders."

" I can remember nothing about it, Peters, except that it is rascally treatment, and such as I shall yet make this amphibious, aquatic gentleman answer for. But, lock the door—look as if nothing had happened, and—"

" Ah! your honour, that is not so easily done as your honour may please to think. I have not any doubt but there is the print of the breech of a musket stamped on my back and shoulders, as plainly to be seen as that light."

" Then look as you please; but hold your peace, sirrah. Here is a crown to buy a plaster. I heard the dog throw away your musket on the stairs—go seek it, and return to your post; and when you are relieved, act as if nothing had happened. I take the responsibility on myself."

The man obeyed, and when he was once more armed, Borroughcliffe, a good deal sobered by the surprise, made the

best of his way to his own apartment, muttering threats and execrations against the "corps of marines, and the whole race," as he called them, "of aquatic amphibii."

CHAPTER IV.

> "Away! away! the covey's fled the cover;
> Put forth the dogs, and let the falcon fly—
> I'll spend some leisure in the keen pursuit,
> Nor longer waste my hours in sluggish quiet."

THE soldier passed the remainder of the night in the heavy sleep of a bacchanalian, and awoke late on the following morning, only when aroused by the entrance of his servant. When the customary summons had induced the captain to unclose his eyelids, he arose in his bed, and after performing the usual operation of a diligent friction on his organs of vision, he turned sternly to his man, and remarked, with an ill-humour that seemed to implicate the innocent servant in the fault which his master condemned—

"I thought, sirrah, that I ordered ser-

geant Drill not to let a drum-stick touch a sheep-skin while we quartered in the dwelling of this hospitable old colonel! Does the fellow despise my commands; or does he think the roll of a drum, echoing through the crooked passages of St. Ruth, melody that is fit to disturb the slumbers of its inmates!"

"I believe, sir," returned the man, "it was the wish of Colonel Howard himself, that on this occasion the sergeant should turn out the guard by the roll of the drum."

"The devil it was! I see the old fellow loves to tickle the drum of his own ear now and then, with familiar sounds; but have you had a muster of the cattle from the farm-yard too, as well as a parade of the guard? I hear the trampling of feet, as if the old abbey were a second ark, and all the beasts of the field were coming aboard of us!"

"'Tis nothing but the party of dragoons from ——, who are wheeling into the court-yard, sir, where the colonel has gone out to receive them."

"Court-yard! light dragoons!" repeated Borroughcliffe, in amazement; "and has it come to this, that twenty stout fellows of the —th are not enough to guard such a rookery as this old abbey, against the ghosts and north-east storms, but we must have horse to reinforce us. Hum! I suppose some of these booted gentlemen have heard of this South-Carolina Madeira."

"Oh, no, Sir!" cried his man, "it is only the party that Mr. Dillon went to seek last evening, after you saw fit, sir, to put the three pirates in irons."

"Pirates in irons!" said Borroughcliffe, again passing his hands over his eyes, though in a more reflecting manner than before; "ha! oh! I remember to have put three suspicious looking rascals in the black hole, or some such place; but what can Mr. Dillon, or the light dragoons, have to do with these fellows?"

"That we do not know, sir; but it is said below, sir, as some suspicions had fallen on their being conspirators and rebels from the colonies, and that they were great officers and tories in disguise; some said that

one was General Washington, and others, that it was only three members of the Yankee parliament, come over to get our good old English fashions, to set themselves up with."

"Washington! Members of Congress! Go—go, simpleton, and learn how many these troopers muster, and what halt they make; but stay, place my clothes near me. Now, do as I bid you; and if the dragoon officer inquire for me, make my respects, and tell him I shall be with him soon. Go, fellow; go."

When the man left the room, the captain, while he proceeded with the business of the toilet, occasionally gave utterance to the thoughts that crowded on his recollection, after the manner of a soliloquy.

"Ay! my commission to a half-pay ensigncy, that some of these lazy fellows, who must have a four-legged beast to carry them to the wars, have heard of the 'south side.' South side! I believe I must put an advertisement in the London Gazette, calling that amphibious soldier to an account. If he be a true man, he will not hide him-

self under his incognito, but will give me a meeting. If that should fail, damme, I'll ride across to Yarmouth, and call out the first of the mongrel breed that I fall in with. 'Sdeath! was ever such an insult practised on a gentleman, and a soldier, before! Would that I only knew his name! Why, if the tale should get abroad, I shall be the standing joke of the mess-table, until some greater fool than myself can be found. It would cost me at least six duels to get rid of it. No, no; not a trigger will I pull in my own regiment about the silly affair; but I'll have a crack at some marine in very revenge; for that is no more than reasonable. That Peters! if the scoundrel should dare whisper anything of the manner in which he was stamped with the breech of the musket! I can't flog him for it, but if I don't make it up to him, the first time he gives me a chance, I am ignorant of the true art of balancing regimental accounts."

By the time the recruiting officer had concluded this soliloquy, which affords a very fair exposition of the current of his

thoughts, he was prepared to meet the new comers, and he accordingly descended to the court-yard, as in duty bound, to receive them in his proper person. Borroughcliffe encountered his host, in earnest conversation with a young man in a cavalry uniform, in the principal entrance of the abbey, and was greeted by the former with—

"A good morning to you, my worthy guard and protector! here is rare news for your loyal ears. It seems that our prisoners are enemies to the king in disguise; and Cornet Fitzgerald— Captain Borroughcliffe, of the —10—th, permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Fitzgerald, of the —13—th Light Dragoons." While the soldiers exchanged salutations, the old man continued—"The cornet has been kind enough to lead down a detachment of his troop, to escort the rogues up to London, or some other place, where they will find enough good and loyal officers to form a court martial, that can authorize their execution as spies. Christopher Dillon, my worthy kinsman, Kit, saw into their real

characters, at a glance, while you and I, like two unsuspecting boys, thought the rascals would have made fit men to serve the king. But Kit has an eye and a head that few enjoy like him, and I would that he might receive his dues at the English bar."

"It is to be desired, sir," said Borroughcliffe, with a grave aspect, that was produced chiefly by his effort to give effect to his sarcasm, but a little, also, by the recollection of the occurrences that were yet to be explained; "but what reason has Mr. Christopher Dillon to believe that the three seamen are more or less than they seem?"

"I know not what; but a good and sufficient reason, I will venture my life," cried the colonel; "Kit is a lad for reasons, which you know is the foundation of his profession, and knows how to deliver them manfully in the proper place; but you know, gentlemen, that the members of the bar cannot assume the open and bold front that becomes a soldier, without often endangering the cause in which they

are concerned. No, no, trust me, Kit has his reasons, and in good time will he deliver them."

"I hope, then," said the captain carelessly, "that it may be found that we have had a proper watch on our charge, Colonel Howard; I think you told me the windows were too high for an escape in that direction, for I had no sentinel outside of the building."

"Fear nothing, my worthy friend," cried his host; "unless your men have slept, instead of watching, we have them safe; but, as it will be necessary to convey them away before any of the civil authority can lay hands on them, let us proceed to the rear, and unkennel the dogs. A party of the horse might proceed with them to ——, while we are breaking our fasts. It would be no wise thing to let the civilians deal with them, for they seldom have a true idea of the nature of the crime."

"Pardon me, sir," said the young officer of horse; "I was led to believe, by Mr. Dillon, that we might meet with a party

of the enemy in some little force, and that I should find a pleasanter duty than that of a constable; besides, sir, the laws of the realm guarantee to the subject a trial by his peers, and it is more than I dare do to carry the men to the barracks, without first taking them before a magistrate."

"Ay! you speak of loyal and dutiful subjects," said the colonel; "and, as respects them, doubtless, you are right; but such privileges are withheld from enemies and traitors."

"It must be first proved that they are such, before they can receive the treatment or the punishment that they merit," returned the young man, a little positively, who felt the more confidence, because he had only left the Temple the year before. "If I take charge of the men at all, it will be only to transfer them safely to the civil authority."

"Let us go, and see the prisoners," cried Borroughcliffe, with a view to terminate a discussion that was likely to wax warm, and which he knew to be useless: "perhaps they may quietly enrol themselves

under the banners of our sovereign, when all other interference, save that of wholesome discipline, will become unnecessary."

"Nay, if they are of a rank in life to render such a step probable," returned the cornet, "I am well content that the matter should be thus settled. I trust, however, that Captain Borroughcliffe will consider that the —13—th light dragoons has some merit in this affair, and that we are far short of our numbers in the second squadron."

"We shall not be difficult at a compromise," returned the captain; "there is one a-piece for us, and a toss of a guinea shall determine who has the third man. Sergeant! follow, to deliver over your prisoners, and relieve your sentry."

As they proceeded, in compliance with this arrangement, to the building in the rear, Colonel Howard, who made one of the party, observed—

"I dispute not the penetration of Captain Borroughcliffe, but I understand Mr. Christopher Dillon that there is reason to believe one of these men, at least, to be of

a class altogether above that of a common soldier, in which case your plans may fall to the ground."

"And who does he deem the gentleman to be?" asked Borroughcliffe—"A Bourbon in disguise, or a secret representative of the rebel congress?"

"Nay, nay; he said nothing more; my kinsman Kit keeps a close mouth, whenever Dame Justice is about to balance her scales. There are men who may be said to have been born to be soldiers; of which number I should call the Earl Cornwallis, who makes such head against the rebels in the two Carolinas; others seem to be intended by nature for divines, and saints on earth, such as their Graces of York and Canterbury; while another class appear as if it were impossible for them to behold things, unless with discriminating, impartial, and disinterested eyes; to which, I should say, belong my Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and my kinsman, Mr. Christopher Dillon. I trust, gentlemen, that when the royal arms have crushed this rebellion, that

his majesty's ministers will see the propriety of extending the dignity of the peerage to the colonies, as a means of reward to the loyal, and a measure of policy, to prevent future disaffection; in which case, I hope to see my kinsman decorated with the ermine of justice, bordering the mantle of a peer."

"Your expectations, my excellent sir, are right reasonable, as I doubt not your kinsman will become, at some future day, that which he is not at present, unhappily for his deserts, right honourable," said Borroughcliffe. "But be of good heart, sir, from what I have seen of his merits, I doubt not that the law will yet have its revenge in due season, and that we shall be properly edified and instructed how to attain elevation in life, by the future exaltation of Mr. Christopher Dillon; though by what title he is to be then known, I am at a loss to say."

Colonel Howard was too much occupied with his own ex-parte views of the war and things in general, to observe the

shrewd looks that were exchanged between the soldiers; but he answered with perfect simplicity—

"I have reflected much on that point, and have come to the opinion, that as he has a small estate on that river, he should cause his first barony to be known by the title of 'Pedee.'"

"Barony!" echoed Borroughcliffe; "I trust the new nobles of a new world will disdain the old worn out distinctions of a hackneyed universe—eschew all baronies, mine host, and cast earldoms and dukedoms to the shades. The immortal Locke has unlocked his fertile mind to furnish you with appellations suited to the originality of your condition, and the nature of your country. Ah! here comes the Cacique of Pedee, in his proper person!"

As Borroughcliffe spoke, they were ascending the flight of stone steps which led to the upper apartments, where the prisoners were still supposed to be confined; and, at the same moment, the sullen, gloomy features of Dillon were seen as he advanced along the lower passage,

with an expression of malicious exultation hovering above his dark brow, that denoted his secret satisfaction. As the hours had passed away, the period had come round when the man who had been present at the escape of Griffith and his friends, was again posted to perform the duty of sentinel. As this soldier well knew the situation of his trust, he was very coolly adjusted, with his back against the wall, endeavouring to compensate himself for his disturbed slumbers during the night, when the sounds of the approaching footsteps warned him to assume the appearance of watchfulness.

"How now, fellow!" cried Borroughcliffe; "what have you to say of your charge?"

"I believe the men sleep, your honour; for I have heard no noises from the rooms since I relieved the last sentinel."

"The lads are weary, and are right to catch what sleep they can in their comfortable quarters," returned the captain. "Stand to your arms, sirrah! and throw back your shoulders; and do not move

like a crab, or a train-band corporal; do you not see an officer of horse coming up? Would you disgrace your regiment!"

"Ah! your honour, Heaven only knows whether I shall ever get my shoulders even again."

"Buy another plaster," said Borroughcliffe, slipping a shilling into his hand; "observe, you know nothing but your duty."

"Which is, your honour—"

"To mind me and be silent. But here comes the sergeant with his guard, he will relieve you."

The rest of the party had stopped at the other end of the gallery, to allow the few files of soldiers, who were led by the orderly, to pass them, when they all moved towards the prisons in a body. The sentinel was relieved in due military style; when Dillon placed his hand on one of the doors, and said, with a malicious sneer,—

"Open here first, Mr. Sergeant, this cage holds the man we most want."

"Softly, softly, my Lord Chief Justice, and most puissant Cacique," said the cap-

tain; "the hour has not yet come to empannel a jury of fat yeomen, and no man must interfere with my boys but myself."

"The rebuke is harsh, I must observe, Captain Borroughcliffe," said the colonel; "but I pardon it because it is military. No, no, Kit; these nice points must be left to martial usages. Be not impatient, my cousin; I doubt not the hour will come, when you shall hold the scales of justice, and satisfy your loyal longings on many a traitor. Zounds! I could almost turn executioner myself in such a cause!"

"I can curb my impatience, sir," returned Dillon, with hypocritical meekness, and great self-command, though his eyes were gleaming with savage exultation. "I beg pardon of Captain Borroughcliffe, if, in my desire to render the civil authority superior to the military, I have trespassed on your customs."

"You see, Borroughcliffe!" exclaimed the colonel, exultingly, "the lad is ruled by an instinct in all matters of law and justice. I hold it to be impossible that a man thus endowed can ever become a dis-

loyal subject. But our breakfast waits, and Mr. Fitzgerald has breathed his horse this cool morning; let us proceed to the examination."

Borroughcliffe motioned to the sergeant to open the door, when the whole party entered the vacant room.

"Your prisoner has escaped!" cried the cornet, after a single moment employed in making sure of the fact.

"Never! it must not, shall not be," cried Dillon, quivering with rage, as he glanced his eyes furiously around the apartment; "here has been treachery! and foul treason to the king!"

"By whom committed, Mr. Christopher Dillon?" said Borroughcliffe, knitting his brow, and speaking in a suppressed tone; "dare you, or any man living, charge treason to the ——th?"

A very different feeling from rage appeared now to increase the shivering propensities of the future judge, who at once perceived it was necessary to moderate his passion, and he returned, as it were by magic, to his former plausible and insinuating manner, as he replied——

" Colonel Howard will understand the cause of my warm feelings, when I tell him, that this very room contained, last night, that disgrace to his name and country, as well as traitor to his king, Edward Griffith, of the rebel navy."

" What!" exclaimed the colonel, starting, " has that recreant youth dared to pollute the threshold of St. Ruth with his footstep! but you dream, Kit; there would be too much hardihood in the act."

" It appears not, sir," returned the other; " for though in this very apartment he most certainly was, he is here no longer. And yet from this window, though open, escape would seem to be impossible, even with much assistance."

" If I thought that the contumelious boy had dared to be guilty of such an act of gross impudence," cried the colonel, " I should be tempted to resume my arms, in my old age, to punish his effrontery. What! it is not enough that he entered my dwelling in the colony, availing himself of the distraction of the times, with an intent to rob me of my choicest jewel, ay, gentlemen, even of my brother Harry's

daughter—but that he must also invade this hallowed island, with a like purpose, thus thrusting his treason, as it were, into the presence of his abused prince! No, no, Kit, thy loyalty misleads thee; he has never dared to do the deed!"

"Listen, sir, and you shall be convinced," returned the pliant Christopher. "I do not wonder at your unbelief; but as good testimony is the soul of justice, I cannot resist its influence. You know, that two vessels, corresponding in appearance to the two rebel cruisers that annoyed us so much in the Carolinas, have been seen on the coast for several days, which induced us to beg the protection of Captain Borroughcliffe. Three men are found, the day succeeding that on which we hear that these vessels came within the shoals, stealing through the grounds of St. Ruth, in sailors' attire. They are arrested, and in the voice of one of them, sir, I immediately detected that of the traitor Griffith. He was disguised, it is true, and cunningly so; but when a man has devoted his whole life to the business of investigating truth,"

he added, with an air of much modesty, "it is difficult to palm any disguise on his senses."

Colonel Howard was strongly impressed with the probability of these conjectures, and the closing appeal confirmed him immediately in his kinsman's opinion, while Borroughcliffe listened with deep interest, to the speakers, and more than once bit his lip with vexation. When Dillon concluded, the soldier exclaimed—

"I'll swear there was a man among them, who has been used to the drill."

"Nothing more probable, my worthy friend," said Dillon; "for as the landing was never made without some evil purpose, rely on it, he came not unguarded or unprotected. I dare say, the three were all officers, and one of them might have been of the marines. That they had assistance is certain, and it was because I felt assured they had a force secreted at hand, that I went in quest of the reinforcement."

There was so much plausibility, and, in fact, so much truth in all this, that conviction was unwillingly admitted by Bor-

roughcliffe, who walked aside, a moment, to conceal the confusion which, in spite of his ordinary inflexibility of countenance, he felt was manifesting itself in his rubric visage, while he muttered—

"The amphibious dog! he was a soldier, but a traitor and an enemy. No doubt he will have a marvellous satisfaction in delighting the rebellious ears of his messmates, by rehearsing the manner in which he poured cold water down the back of one Borroughcliffe, of the ——th, who was amusing him, at the same time, by pouring good, rich south-side Madeira down his own rebellious throat. I have a good mind to exchange my scarlet coat for a blue jacket, on purpose to meet the sly rascal on the other element, where we can discuss this matter over again. Well, sergeant, do you find the other two?"

"They are gone together, your honour," returned the orderly, who just then re-entered from an examination of the other apartments; and unless the evil one helped them off, it's a mysterious business to me."

"Colonel Howard," said Borroughcliffe, gravely, "your precious south-side cordial must be banished from the board, regularly with the cloth, until I have my revenge; for satisfaction of this insult is mine to claim, and I seek it this instant. Go, Drill; detain a guard for the protection of the house, and feed the rest of your command, then beat the generale, and we will take the field. Ay! my worthy veteran host, for the first time since the days of the unlucky Charles Stuart, there shall be a campaign in the heart of England."

"Ah! rebellion, rebellion! accursed, unnatural, unholy rebellion, caused the calamity then and now!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Had I not better take a hasty refreshment for my men and their horses?" asked the cornet; "and then make a sweep for a few miles along the coast? It may be my luck to encounter the fugitives, or some part of their force."

"You have anticipated my very thoughts," returned Borroughcliffe. "The Cacique of Pedee may close the gates of

St. Ruth, and, by barring the windows, and arming the servants, he can make a very good defence against an attack, should they think proper to assail our fortress; after he has repulsed them, leave it to me to cut off their retreat."

Dillon but little relished this proposal; for he thought an attempt to storm the abbey would be the most probable course adopted by Griffith, in order to rescue his mistress; and the jurist had none of the spirit of a soldier in his composition. In truth, it was this deficiency that had induced him to depart in person, the preceding night, in quest of the reinforcement, instead of sending an express on the errand. But the necessity of devising an excuse for a change in this dangerous arrangement, was obviated by Colonel Howard, who exclaimed, as soon as Borroughcliffe concluded his plan—

"To me, Captain Borroughcliffe, belongs of right, the duty of defending St. Ruth, and it shall be no boy's play to force my works; but Kit would rather

try his chance in the open field, I know. Come, let us to our breakfast, and then he shall mount, and act as guide to the horse, along the difficult passes of the sea-shore."

"To breakfast then let it be," cried the captain; "I distrust not my new commander of the fortress; and in the field the Cacique for ever! We follow you, my worthy host."

This arrangement was hastily executed in all its parts. The gentlemen swallowed their meal in the manner of men who ate only to sustain nature, and as a duty; after which the whole house became scene of bustling activity. The troops were mustered and paraded; Borroughcliffe, setting apart a guard for the building, placed himself at the head of the remainder of his little party, and they moved out of the court-yard in open order, and at quick time. Dillon joyfully beheld himself mounted on one of the best of Colonel Howard's hunters, where he knew that he had the control, in a great

measure, of his own destiny; his bosom throbbing with a powerful desire to destroy Griffith, while he entertained a lively wish to effect his object without incurring any personal risk. At his side was the young cornet, seated with practised grace in his saddle, who, after giving time for the party of foot soldiers to clear the premises, glanced his eye along the few files he led, and then gave the word to move. The little division of horse wheeled briskly into open column, and the officer, touching his cap to Colonel Howard, they dashed through the gateway together, and pursued their route towards the seaside, at a hand gallop.

The veteran lingered a few minutes, while the clattering of hoofs was to be heard, or the gleam of arms was visible, to hear and gaze at sounds and sights that he still loved; after which, he proceeded, in person, and not without a secret enjoyment of the excitement, to barricado the doors and windows, with an undaunted determination of making, in case of need, a stout defence.

St. Ruth lay but a short two miles from the ocean; to which numerous roads led, through the grounds of the abbey, which extended to the shore. Along one of these paths, Dillon conducted his party, until, after a few minutes of hard riding, they approached the cliffs, when, posting his troopers under cover of a little copse, the cornet rode in advance, with his guide, to the verge of the perpendicular rocks, whose bases were washed by the foam that was still capped in white sheets from the surges of the subsiding sea.

The gale had broken, before the escape of the prisoners, and as the power of the eastern tempest had gradually diminished, a light current from the south, that blew directly along the land, prevailed; and, though the ocean still rolled in fearful billows, their surfaces were smooth, and they were becoming, at each moment, less precipitous, and more regular. The eyes of the horsemen were cast in vain over the immense expanse of water, that was glistening brightly under the rays of the sun, which had just risen from its bosom, in

quest of some object, or distant sail that might confirm their suspicions, or relieve their doubts. But every thing of that description appeared to have avoided the dangerous navigation, during the violence of the late tempest, and Dillon was withdrawing his eyes in disappointment from the vacant view, when as they fell towards the shore, he beheld that which caused him to exclaim—

"There they go! and, by Heaven, they will escape!"

The cornet looked in the direction of the other's finger, when he beheld, at a short distance from the land, and apparently immediately under his feet, a little boat, that looked like a dark shell upon the water, rising and sinking amid the waves, as if the men it obviously contained, were resting on their oars in idle expectation.

"'Tis they!" continued Dillon; "or, what is more probable, it is their boat waiting to convey them to their vessel; no common business would induce seamen to lie in this careless manner, within such a narrow distance of the surf."

"And what is to be done? They cannot be made to feel horse where they are; nor would the muskets of the foot touch them. A light three-pounder would do its work handsomely on them!"

The strong desire which Dillon entertained to intercept, or rather to destroy the party, rendered him prompt at expedients. After a moment of musing, he replied—

"The runaways must yet be on the land; and by scouring the coast, and posting men at proper places, their retreat can easily be prevented; in the meantime I will ride under the spur to —— bay, where one of his majesty's cutters now lies at anchor—It is but half an hour of hard riding, and I can be on board of her. The wind blows directly in her favour, and if we can once bring her down behind that headland, we shall infallibly cut off or sink these midnight depredators."

"Off, then!" cried the cornet, whose young blood was boiling for a skirmish; "you will at least drive them to the shore, where I can deal with them."

The words were hardly uttered, before Dillon was out of sight, after galloping furiously along the cliffs, and turning short into a thick wood, that lay in his route. The loyalty of this gentleman was altogether of a calculating nature, and was intimately connected with what he considered his fealty to himself. He believed that the possession of Miss Howard's person and fortune were advantages that would much more than counterbalance any elevation that he was likely to obtain by the revolution of affairs in his native colony. He considered Griffith as the only natural obstacle to his success, and urged his horse forward with a desperate determination to work the ruin of the young sailor, before another sun had set. When a man labours in an evil cause, with such feelings, and with such incentives, he seldom slights or neglects his work; and Mr. Dillon, accordingly, was on board the Alacrity, several minutes short of the time in which he had promised to perform the distance.

The plain old seaman who commanded

the cutter, listened to his tale with cautious ears; and examined into the state of the weather, and other matters, connected with his duty, with the slow and deliberate decision of one who had never done much to acquire a confidence in himself, and who had been but niggardly rewarded for the little he had actually performed.

As Dillon was urgent, however, and the day seemed propitious, he at length decided to act as he was desired, and the cutter was accordingly got under way.

A crew of something less than fifty men, moved with no little of their commander's deliberation; but as the little vessel rounded the point behind which she had been anchored, her guns were cleared, and the usual preparations were completed for immediate and actual service.

Dillon, sorely against his will, was compelled to continue on board, in order to point out the place where the unsuspecting boatmen were expected to be entrapped. Every thing being ready, when they had gained a safe distance from the land, the

Alacrity was kept away before the wind, and glided along the shore, with a swift and easy progress, that promised a speedy execution of the business in which her commander had embarked.

CHAPTER V.

"*Pol.* Very like a whale."

Shakspeare.

Notwithstanding the object of their expedition was of a public nature, the feelings which had induced both Griffith and Barnstable to accompany the pilot, with so much willingness, it will easily be seen, were entirely personal. The short intercourse that he had maintained with his associates, enabled the mysterious leader of their party to understand the characters of his two principal officers so thoroughly, as to induce him, when he landed, with the purpose of reconnoitring, to ascertain whether the objects of his pursuit still held their determination to assemble at the appointed hour, to choose Griffith and Manual as his only associates, leaving Barn-

stable in command of his own vessel, to await their return, and to cover their retreat. A good deal of argument, and some little of the authority of his superior officer, was necessary to make Barnstable quietly acquiesce in this arrangement; but as his good sense told him that nothing should be unnecessarily hazarded, until the moment to strike the final blow had arrived, he became gradually more resigned, taking care, however, to caution Griffith to reconnoitre the abbey at the same time they were reconnoitring —— house. It was the strong desire of the latter to comply with this injunction, which carried them a little out of their proper path, and led to the consequences that we have partly related. The evening of that day was the time when the pilot intended to complete his enterprise, thinking to entrap his game while enjoying the festivities that usually succeeded their sports, and an early hour in the morning was appointed when Barnstable should appear at the nearest point to the abbey, to take off his countrymen, in order that they might be as little

as possible subjected to the gaze of their enemies, by daylight. If they failed to arrive at the appointed time, his instructions were, to return to his schooner, which lay snugly embayed in a secret and retired haven, that but few ever approached, either by land or water.

While the young cornet still continued gazing at the whale-boat (for it was the party from the schooner that he saw,) the hour had expired for the appearance of Griffith and his companions, and Barnstable reluctantly determined to comply with the letter of his instructions, and to leave them to their own sagacity and skill to regain the Ariel. The boat had been suffered to ride in the edge of the surf, since the appearance of the sun, and the eyes of her crew were kept anxiously fixed on the cliffs, though in vain, to discover the signal that was to call them to the place of landing. After looking at his watch for the twentieth time, and as often casting glances of uneasy dissatisfaction towards the shore, the lieutenant exclaimed—

" A charming prospect, this, Master Coffin, but rather too much poetry in it for your taste; I believe you relish no land that is of a harder consistency than mud!"

" I was born on the waters, sir," returned the cockswain, from his snug abode, where he was disposed with his usual economy of room, " and it's according to all things for a man to love his natyve soil. I'll not deny, Captain Barnstable, but I would rather drop my anchor on a bottom that won't broom a keel, but, at the same time, I harbour no great malice against dry land."

" I shall never forgive it, myself, if any accident has befallen Griffith, in this excursion," rejoined the lieutenant; " his pilot may be a better man on the water than on terra firma, long Tom."

The cockswain turned his solemn visage, with an extraordinary meaning, towards his commander, before he replied—

" For as long a time as I've followed the waters, sir, and that has been ever since I've drawn my rations, seeing that I was

born while the boat was crossing Nantucket shoals, I've never known a pilot come off in greater need, than the one we fell in with, when we made that stretch or two on the land, in the dog-watch of yesterday."

"Ay! the fellow has played his part like a man; the occasion was great, and it seems that he was quite equal to his work."

"The frigate's people tell me, sir, that he handled the ship like a top," continued the cockswain; "but she is a ship that is a natural inimy of the bottom!"

"Can you say as much for this boat, Master Coffin?" cried Barnstable; "keep her out of the surf, or you'll have us rolling in upon the beach, presently, like an empty water-cask; you must remember that we cannot all wade, like yourself, in two-fathom water."

The cockswain cast a cool glance at the crests of foam that were breaking over the tops of the billows, within a few yards of where their boat was riding, and called aloud to his men—

"Pull a stroke or two; away with her into dark water."

The drop of the oars resembled the movements of a nice machine, and the light boat skimmed along the water like a duck, that approaches to the very brink of some imminent danger, and then avoids it, at the most critical moment, apparently without an effort. While this necessary movement was making, Barnstable arose, and surveyed the cliffs, with keen eyes, and then turning once more in disappointment from his search, he said—

"Pull more from the land, and let her run down, at an easy stroke, to the schooner. Keep a look-out at the cliffs, boys; it is possible that they are stowed in some of the holes in the rocks, for it's no daylight business they are on."

The order was promptly obeyed, and they had glided along for near a mile, in this manner, in the most profound silence, when suddenly the stillness was broken by a heavy rush of air, and a dash of the water, seemingly at no great distance from them.

"By heaven, Tom," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockwain, with undisturbed composure; "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward; the easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward!"

"The fellow takes it coolly, too; he's in no hurry to get an offing!"

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head, to take himself back into blue water."

"'Tis a fin-back!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "he will soon make head-way, and be off."

"No, sir, 'tis a right whale," answered Tom; "I saw his spout; he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a christian

would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-butt, that fellow!"

Barnstable laughed, turned himself away from the tempting sight, and tried to look at the cliffs; and then unconsciously bent his longing eyes again on the sluggish animal, who was throwing his huge carcass, at times, for many feet from the water, in idle gambols. The temptation for sport, and the recollection of his early habits, at length prevailed over his anxiety in behalf of his friends, and the young officer inquired of his cockswain—

"Is there any whale-line in the boat, to make fast to that harpoon which you bear about with you in fair weather or foul?"

"I never trust the boat from the schooner without part of a shot, sir," returned the cockswain; "there is something nateral in the sight of a tub to my old eyes."

Barnstable looked at his watch, and again at the cliffs, when he exclaimed, in joyous tones—

"Give strong way, my hearties! there seems nothing better to be done; let us

have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whale-boat sprung forward like a courser for the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game, long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparations to strike the whale as the occasion required. The tub, containing about half of a whale-line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped, in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled round, when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water, in two circular spouts, high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with a graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were

within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downward, and, without an apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise, that sounded like the rushing of winds.

The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but when he beheld the creature assume this formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water, in rapid succession, the noise of which re echoed along the cliffs, like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After this wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," re-

turned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of pure air; send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true, for in a few minutes, the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed, for half his length, in the same direction, and fell on the sea, with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After this evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew, to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly

up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing towards one of the fins, which was, at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The cockswain poised his harpoon, with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the blubber of their foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted, with singular earnestness—

"Starn all!"

"Stern all!" echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air, with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

"Snub him!" shouted Barnstable; "hold on, Tom; he rises already."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more gradually round the large loggerhead that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched forward, and, rising to the surface, with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to re-appear. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point, before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but who cast the waters aside, as he forced his way, with prodigious velocity, along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that, at moments, appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he

pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried—

"Ay! I've touched the fellow's life! it must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean!"

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardour of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; "feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creater's way, sir," said the cockswain; "you know they need the air in their nostrils, when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold boys, and let us haul up to him."

The seamen now seized the whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid, as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few

minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

"Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?" cried Barnstable; "a few sets from your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game, with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory—

"No, sir, no—he's going into his flurry; there's no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off! the creater's in his flurry!"

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space, while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high, as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and to one who was ignorant

of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat, behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually, these effects subsided, and when the discoloured water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen, exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side, and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

"What's to be done now?" said Barnstable, as he stood and gazed with a diminished excitement at their victim; "he will yield no food, and his carcass will probably drift to land, and furnish our enemies with oil."

"If I had but that creater in Boston Bay," said the cockswain, "it would prove the making of me; but such is my luck for ever! Pull up, at any rate, and let me get my harpoon and line—the English shall never get them while old Tom Coffin can blow."

"Don't speak too fast," said the strokesman of the boat; "whether he gets your iron or not, here he comes in chase!"

"What mean you, fellow?" cried Barnstable.

"Captain Barnstable can look for himself," returned the seaman, "and tell whether I speak truth."

The young sailor turned, and saw the Alacrity bearing down before the wind, with all her sails set, as she rounded a headland, but a short half league to windward of the place where the boat lay.

"Pass that glass to me," said the captain with steady composure. "This promises us work in one or two ways; if she be armed, it has become our turn to run; if not, we are strong enough to carry her."

A very brief survey made the experienced officer acquainted with the true character of the vessel in sight; and, replacing the glass with much coolness, he said—

"That fellow shows long arms, and ten teeth, beside King George's pennant from his topmast-head. Now my lads, you are

to pull for your lives; for whatever may be the notions of Master Coffin on the subject of his harpoon, I have no inclination to have my arms pinioned by John Bull, though his majesty himself put on the irons."

The men well understood the manner and meaning of their commander; and, throwing aside their coats, they applied themselves in earnest to their task. For half an hour a profound silence reigned in the boat, which made an amazing progress. But many circumstances conspired to aid the cutter; she had a fine breeze, with smooth water, and a strong tide in her favour; and, at the expiration of the time we have mentioned, it was but too apparent that the distance between the pursued and pursuers was lessened nearly half. Barnstable preserved his steady countenance, but there was an expression of care gathering around his dark brow, which indicated that he saw the increasing danger of their situation."

"That fellow has long legs, Master Coffin," he said in a cheerful tone; "your whale-line must go overboard, and the

fifth oar must be handled by your delicate hands."

Tom arose from his seat, and proceeding forward, he cast the tub and its contents together into the sea, when he seated himself at the bow oar, and bent his athletic frame with amazing vigour to the task.

"Ah! there is much of your philosophy in that stroke, long Tom," cried his commander; "keep it up, boys, and if we gain nothing else, we shall at least gain time for deliberation. Come, Master Coffin, what think you; we have three resources before us, let us hear which is your choice: first, we can turn and fight and be sunk; secondly, we can pull to the land, and endeavour to make good our retreat to the schooner in that manner; and, thirdly, we can head to the shore, and possibly, by running under the guns of that fellow, get the wind of him, and keep the air in our nostrils, after the manner of the whale. Damn the whale! but for the tow the black rascal gave us, we should have been out of sight of this rover!"

"If we fight," said Tom, with quite as

much composure as his commander manifested, "we shall be taken or sunk; if we land, sir, I shall be taken for one man, as I never could make any headway on dry ground; and if we try to get the wind of him by pulling under the cliffs, we shall be cut off by a parcel of lubbers that I can see running along their hedges, hoping, I dare say, that they shall be able to get a skulking shot at a boat's crew of honest seafaring men."

"You speak with as much truth as philosophy, Tom," said Barnstable, who saw his slender hopes of success curtailed, by the open appearance of the horse and foot on the cliffs. "These Englishmen have not slept the last night, and I fear Griffith and Manual will fare but badly. That fellow brings a cap full of wind down with him—'tis just his play, and he walks like a race-horse. Ha! he begins to be in earnest!"

While Barnstable was speaking, a column of white smoke was seen issuing from the bows of the cutter, and as the report of a cannon was wafted to their

ears, the shot was seen skipping from wave to wave, tossing the water in spray, and flying to a considerable distance beyond them. The seamen cast cursory glances in the direction of the passing ball, but it produced no manifest effect in either their conduct or appearance. The cockswain, who scanned its range with an eye of more practice than the rest, observed, "That's a lively piece for its metal, and it speaks with a good clear voice; but if they hear it aboard the Ariel, the man who fired it will be sorry it wasn't born dumb."

"You are the prince of philosophers, Master Coffin!" cried Barnstable; "there is some hope in that; let the Englishman talk away, and my life on it, the Ariels' people don't believe it is thunder; hand me a musket—I'll draw another shot."

The piece was given to Barnstable, who discharged it several times, as if to taunt their enemies, and the scheme was completely successful. Goaded by the insults, the cutter discharged gun after gun at the little boat, throwing the shot frequently

so near as to wet her crew with the spray, but without injuring them in the least. The failure of these attempts to injure them, excited the mirth of the reckless seamen, instead of creating any alarm; and whenever a shot came nearer than common, the cockswain would utter some such expression as—

"A ground swell, a long shot, and a small object, make a clean target;" or, "A man must squint straight to hit a boat."

As, notwithstanding their unsuccessful gunnery, the cutter was constantly gaining on the whale-boat, there was a prospect of a speedy termination of the chase, when the report of a cannon was thrown back like an echo from one of the Englishman's discharges, and Barnstable and his companions had the pleasure of seeing the Ariel stretching slowly out of the little bay where she had passed the night, with the smoke of the gun of defiance curling above her taper masts.

A loud and simultaneous shout of rapture was given by the lieutenant and all

his boat's crew, at this cheering sight, while the cutter took in all her light sails, and, as she hauled up on a wind, she fired a whole broadside at the successful fugitives. Many stands of grape, with several round shot, flew by the boat, and fell upon the water, near them, raising a cloud of foam, but without doing any injury.

"She dies in a flurry," said Tom, casting his eyes at the little vortex into which the boat was then entering.

"If her commander be a true man," cried Barnstable, "he'll not leave us on so short an acquaintance. Give way, my souls! give way! I would see more of this loquacious cruiser."

The temptation for exertion was great, and it was not disregarded by the men; in a few minutes the whale-boat reached the schooner, when the crew of the latter received their commander and his companions with shouts and cheers that rung across the waters, and reached the ears of the disappointed spectators on the verge of the cliffs.

CHAPTER VI.

> "Thus guided on their course they bore,
> Until they near'd the mainland shore;
> When frequent on the hollow blast
> Wild shouts of merriment were cast."
>
> *Lord of the Isles.*

The joyful shouts and hearty cheers of the Ariel's crew continued for some time after her commander had reached her deck. Barnstable answered the congratulations of his officers by cordial shakes of the hand, and after waiting for the ebullition of delight among the seamen to subside a little, he beckoned with an air of authority for silence.

"I thank you, my lads, for your good will," he said, when all were gathered around him in deep attention; "they have given us a tough chase, and if you had left us another mile to go, we had been

lost. That fellow is a king's cutter, and though his disposition to run to leeward is a good deal mollified, yet he shows signs of fight. At any rate, he is stripping off some of his clothes, which looks as if he were game. Luckily for us, Captain Manual has taken all his marines ashore with him, (though what he has done with them or himself, is a mystery,) or we should have had our decks lumbered with live cattle; but, as it is, we have a good working breeze, tolerably smooth water, and a dead match! There is a sort of national obligation on us to whip that fellow, and therefore, without more words about the matter, let us turn to and do it, that we may get our breakfasts."

To this specimen of marine eloquence, the crew cheered as usual; the young men burning for the combat, and the few old sailors who belonged to the schooner, shaking their heads with infinite satisfaction, and swearing by sundry strange oaths, that their captain "could talk, when there was need of such thing, like the best Dictionary that ever was launched."

During this short harangue, and the subsequent comments, the Ariel had been kept, under a cloud of canvas, as near to the wind as she could lie, and as this was her best sailing, she had stretched swiftly out from the land, to a distance whence the cliffs, and the soldiers who were spread along their summits, became plainly visible. Barnstable turned his glass repeatedly, from the cutter to the shore, as different feelings predominated in his breast, before he again spoke.

"If Mr. Griffith is stowed away among those rocks," he at length said, "he shall see as pretty an argument discussed, in as few words, as he ever listened to, provided the gentlemen in yonder cutter have not changed their minds as to the road they intend to journey—what think you, Mr. Merry?"

"I wish with all my heart and soul, sir," returned the fearless boy, "that Mr. Griffith was safe aboard us; it seems the country is alarmed, and God knows what will happen if he is taken! as to the fellow to windward, he'll find it easier to deal with

the Ariel's boat, than with her mother; but he carries a broad sail, I question if he means to show play."

"Never doubt him, boy," said Barnstable, "he is working off the shore, like a man of sense, and besides, he has his spectacles on, trying to make out what tribe of Yankee Indians we belong to. You'll see him come to the wind presently, and send a few pieces of iron down this way, by the way of letting us know where to find him. Much as I like your first lieutenant, Mr. Merry, I would rather leave him on the land this day, than see him on my decks. I want no fighting captain to work this boat for me! but tell the drummer, sir, to beat to quarters."

The boy, who was staggering under the weight of his melodious instrument, had been expecting this command, and, without waiting for the midshipman to communicate the order, he commenced that short rub-a-dub air, that will at any time rouse a thousand men from the deepest sleep, and cause them to fly to their means of offence, with a common soul. The crew

of the Ariel had been collected in groups, studying the appearance of the enemy, cracking their jokes, and waiting only for this usual order to repair to the guns; and at the first tap of the drum, they spread with steadiness to the different parts of the little vessel, where their various duties called them. The cannon were surrounded by small parties of vigorous and athletic young men; the few marines were drawn up in array with muskets; the officers appeared in their boarding caps, with pistols stuck in their belts and naked sabres in their hands. Barnstable paced his little quarter-deck with a firm tread, dangling a speaking trumpet, by its landyard, on his forefinger, or occasionally applying the glass to his eye, which, when not in use, was placed under one arm, while his sword was resting against the foot of the mainmast; a pair of heavy ship's pistols were thrust in his belt also; and piles of muskets, boarding-pikes, and naked sabres, were placed on different parts of the deck. The laugh of the seamen was heard no longer; and those

who spoke, uttered their thoughts only in low and indistinct whispers.

The English cutter held her way from the land, until she got an offing of more than two miles, when she reduced her sails to a yet smaller number, and heaving into the wind, she fired a gun in a direction opposite to that which pointed to the Ariel.

"Now I would wager a quintal of codfish, Master Coffin," said Barnstable, "against the best cask of porter that was ever brewed in England, that fellow believes a Yankee schooner can fly in the wind's eye! If he wishes to speak to us, why don't he give his cutter a little sheet, and come down."

The cockswain had made his arrangements for the combat, with much more method and philosophy than any other man in the vessel. When the drum beat to quarters, he threw aside his jacket, vest, and shirt, with as little hesitation as if he stood under an American sun, and with all the discretion of a man who had engaged

in an undertaking that required the free use of his utmost powers. As he was known to be a privileged individual in the Ariel, and one whose opinions, in all matters of seamanship, were regarded as oracles by the crew, and were listened to by his commander with no little demonstration of respect, the question excited no surprise. He was standing at the breech of his long gun, with his brawny arms folded on a breast that had been turned to the colour of blood by long exposure, his grizzled locks fluttering in the breeze, and his tall form towering far above the heads of all near him.

" He hugs the wind, sir, as if it was his sweetheart," was his answer; " but he'll let go his hold soon; and if he don't, we can find a way to make him fall to leeward."

" Keep a good full!" cried the commander, in a stern voice, " and let the vessel go through the water. That fellow walks well, long Tom; but we are too much for him on a bow line; though, if he continue to draw ahead in this manner,

it will be night before we can get alongside him."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain; "them cutters carries a press of canvas, when they seem to have but little; their gafts are all the same as young booms, and spread a broad head to their mainsails. But it's no hard matter to knock a few cloths out of their bolt-ropes, when she will both drop astarn and to leeward."

"I believe there is good sense in your scheme, this time," said Barnstable; "for I am anxious about the frigate's people—though I hate a noisy chase; speak to him, Tom, and let us see if he will answer."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the cockswain, sinking his body in such a manner as to let his head fall to a level with the cannon that he controlled, when, after divers orders, and sundry movements, to govern the direction of the piece, he applied a match, with a rapid motion, to the priming. An immense body of white smoke rushed from the muzzle of the cannon, followed by a sheet of vivid fire, until, losing its power, it yielded to the wind, and, as it

rose from the water, spread like a cloud, and, passing through the masts of the schooner, was driven far to leeward, and soon blended in the mists which were swiftly scudding before the fresh breezes of the ocean.

Although many curious eyes were watching this beautiful sight from the cliffs, there was too little of novelty in the exhibition to attract a single look of the crew of the schooner, from the more important examination of the effect of the shot on their enemy. Barnstable sprang lightly on a gun, and watched the instant when the ball would strike, with keen interest, while long Tom threw himself aside from the line of the smoke, with a similar intention; holding one of his long arms extended towards his namesake, with a finger on the vent, and supporting his frame by placing the hand of the other on the deck, as his eyes glanced through an opposite port-hole, in an attitude that most men might have despaired of imitating with success.

"There go the chips!" cried Barnstable. "Bravo! Master Coffin, you never planted

iron in the ribs of an Englishman with more judgment; let him have another piece of it, and if he like the sport, we'll play a game of long bowls with him!"

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, who, the instant he witnessed the effects of his shot, had returned to superintend the reloading of his gun; "if he holds on half an hour longer, I'll dub him down to our own size, when we can close, and make an even fight of it."

The drum of the Englishman was now, for the first time, heard rattling across the waters, and echoing the call to quarters, that had already proceeded from the Ariel.

"Ah! you have sent him to his guns!" said Barnstable; "we shall now hear more of it; wake him up, Tom—wake him up."

"We shall start him an end, or put him to sleep altogether, shortly," said the deliberate cockswain, who never allowed himself to be at all hurried, even by his commander. "My shot are pretty much like a shoal of porpoises, and commonly

sail in each others' wake. Stand by—heave her breech forward—so; get out of that, you damned young reprobate, and let my harpoon alone."

"What are you at, there, Master Coffin?" cried Barnstable; "are you tongue-tied?"

"Here's one of the boys skylarking with my harpoon in the lee scuppers, and by-and-by, when I shall want it most, there'll be a no-man's-land to hunt for it in."

"Never mind the boy, Tom; send him aft here to me, and I'll polish his behaviour; give the Englishman some more iron."

"I want the little villain to pass up my cartridges," returned the angry old seaman; "but if you'll be so good, sir, as to hit him a crack or two, now and then, as he goes by you, to the magazine, the monkey will learn his manners, and the schooner's work will be all the better done for it. A young herring-faced monkey! to meddle with a tool ye don't know the use of. If your parents had spent more of their money on your edication, and less on

your outfit, you'd ha' been a gentleman to what ye are now."

"Hurrah! Tom, hurrah!" cried Barnstable, a little impatiently; "is your namesake never to open his throat again?"

"Ay, ay, sir; all ready," grumbled the cockswain, "depress a little; so—so; a damn'd young baboon-behav'd curmudgeon; overhaul that forward fall more; stand by with your match—but I'll pay him! fire." This was the actual commencement of the fight; for as the shot of Tom Coffin travelled, as he had intimated, very much in the same direction, their enemy found the sport becoming too hot to be endured in silence; and the report of the second gun from the Ariel, was instantly followed by that of the whole broadside of the Alacrity. The shot of the cutter flew in a very good direction, but her guns were too light to give them efficiency at that distance, and as one or two were heard to strike against the bends of the schooner, and fall back, innocuously, into the water, the cockswain, whose good humour became gradually restored,

as the combat thickened, remarked, with his customary apathy—

"Them count for no more than love taps—does the Englishman think that we are firing salutes?"

"Stir him up, Tom! every blow you give him will help to open his eyes," cried Barnstable, rubbing his hands with glee, as he witnessed the success of his efforts to close.

Thus far the cockswain and his crew had the fight, on the part of the Ariel, altogether to themselves, the men who were stationed at the smaller and shorter guns, standing in perfect idleness by their sides; but in ten or fifteen minutes the commander of the Alacrity, who had been staggered by the weight of the shot that had struck him, found that it was no longer in his power to retreat, if he wished it; when he decided on the only course that was left for a brave man to pursue, and steered, boldly, in such a direction as would soonest bring him in contact with his enemy, without exposing his vessel to be raked by his fire. Barnstable watched

each movement of his foe with eagle eyes, and when the vessels had got within a lessened distance, he gave the order for a general fire to be opened. The action now grew warm and spirited on both sides. The power of the wind was counteracted by the constant explosion of the cannon; and instead of driving rapidly to leeward, a white canopy of curling smoke hung above the Ariel, or rested on the water, lingering in her wake, so as to mark the path by which she was approaching to a closer and still deadlier struggle. The shouts of the young sailors, as they handled their instruments of death, became more animated and fierce, while the cockswain pursued his occupation with the silence and skill of one who laboured in a regular vocation. Barnstable was unusually composed and quiet, maintaining the grave deportment of a commander on whom rested the fortunes of the contest, at the same time that his dark eyes were dancing with the fire of suppressed animation.

"Give it them!" he occasionally cried, in a voice that might be heard amid the

noise of the cannon; "never mind their cordage, my lads; drive home their bolts, and make your marks below their ridge ropes."

In the meantime, the Englishman played a manful game. He had suffered a heavy loss by the distant cannonade, which no metal he possessed could retort upon his enemy; but he struggled nobly to repair the error in judgment with which he had begun the contest. The two vessels gradually drew nigher to each other, until they both entered into the common cloud, created by their fire, which thickened and spread around them in such a manner as to conceal their dark hulls from the gaze of the curious and interested spectators on the cliffs. The heavy reports of the cannon were now mingled with the rattling of muskets and pistols, and, streaks of fire might be seen, glancing like flashes of lightning through the white cloud, which enshrouded the combatants, and many minutes of painful uncertainty followed before the deeply interested sol-

diers, who were gazing at the scene, discovered *on whose banners victory had alighted.*

We shall follow the combatants into their misty wreath, and display to the reader the events as they occurred.

The fire of the Ariel was much the most quick and deadly, both because she had suffered less, and her men were less exhausted; and the cutter stood desperately on to decide the combat, after grappling, hand to hand. Barnstable anticipated her intention, and well understood her commander's reason for adopting this course, but he was not a man to calculate coolly his advantages, when pride and daring invited him to a more severe trial. Accordingly, he met the enemy half-way, and, as the vessels rushed together, the stern of the schooner was secured to the bows of the cutter, by the joint efforts of both parties. The voice of the English commander was now plainly to be heard, in the uproar, calling to his men to follow him.

"Away there, boarders! repel boarders

on the starboard quarter!" shouted Barnstable through his trumpet.

This was the last order that the gallant young sailor gave with this instrument, for, as he spoke, he cast it from him, and seizing his sabre, flew to the spot where the enemy was about to make his most desperate effort. The shouts, execrations, and tauntings of the combatants, now succeeded to the roar of the cannon, which could be used no longer with effect, though the fight was still maintained with spirited discharges of the small arms.

"Sweep him from his decks!" cried the English commander, as he appeared on his own bulwarks, surrounded by a dozen of his bravest men; "drive the rebellious dogs into the sea!"

"Away there, marines!" retorted Barnstable, firing his pistol at the advancing enemy; "leave not a man of them to sup his grog again."

The tremendous and close volley that succeeded this order, nearly accomplished the command of Barnstable to the letter,

and the commander of the Alacrity, perceiving that he stood alone, reluctantly fell back on the deck of his own vessel, in order to bring on his men once more.

"Board her! grey beards and boys, idlers and all!" shouted Barnstable, springing in advance of his crew—a powerful arm arrested the movement of the dauntless seaman, and before he had time to recover himself, he was drawn violently back to his own vessel, by the irresistible grasp of his cockswain.

"The fellow's in his flurry," said Tom, "and it wouldn't be wise to go within the reach of his flukes; but I'll just step ahead and give him a set with my harpoon."

Without waiting for a reply, the cockswain reared his tall frame on the bulwarks, and was in the attitude of stepping on board his enemy, when a sea separated the vessels, and he fell with a heavy dash on the waters of the ocean. As twenty muskets and pistols were discharged at the instant he appeared, the crew of the Ariel supposed his fall to be occasioned

by his wounds, and were rendered doubly fierce by the sight and the cry of their commander to—

"*Revenge long Tom! board her; long Tom or death!*"

They threw themselves forward in irresistible numbers, and forced a passage, with much bloodshed, to the forecastle of the Alacrity. The Englishman was overpowered, but still remained undaunted—he rallied his crew and bore up most gallantly to the fray. Thrusts of pikes, and blows of sabres were becoming close and deadly, while muskets and pistols were constantly discharged by those who were kept at a distance by the pressure of the throng of closer combatants.

Barnstable led his men, in advance, and became a mark of peculiar vengeance to his enemies, as they slowly yielded before his vigorous assaults. Chance had placed the two commanders on opposite sides of the cutter's deck, and the victory seemed to incline towards either party, wherever these daring officers directed the struggle in person. But the Englishman, perceiv-

ing that the ground he maintained in person was lost elsewhere, made an effort to restore the battle by changing his position, followed by one or two of his best men. A marine, who preceded him, levelled his musket within a few feet of the head of the American commander, and was about to fire, when Merry glided among the combatants, and passed his dirk into the body of the man, who fell at the blow; shaking his piece with horrid imprecations, the wounded soldier prepared to deal his vengeance on his youthful assailant, when the fearless boy leaped within its muzzle, and buried his own keen weapon in his heart.

"Hurrah!" shouted the unconscious Barnstable, from the edge of the quarter deck, where, attended by a few men, he was driving all before him. "Revenge—long Tom and victory!"

"We have them!" exclaimed the Englishman; "handle your pikes! we have them between two fires."

The battle would probably have terminated very differently from what previous circumstances had indicated, had not a

wild looking figure appeared in the cutter's channels at that moment, issuing from the sea, and gaining the deck at the same instant. It was long Tom, with his iron visage rendered fierce by his previous discomfiture, and his grizzled locks drenched with the briny element, from which he had risen, looking like Neptune with his trident. Without speaking, he poised his harpoon, and with a powerful effort, pinned the unfortunate Englishman to the mast of his own vessel.

"Starn all!" cried Tom, by a sort of instinct, when the blow was struck; and catching up the musket of the fallen marine, he dealt out terrible and fatal blows with its butt, on all who approached him, utterly disregarding the use of the bayonet on its muzzle. The unfortunate commander of the Alacrity brandished his sword with frantic gestures, while his eyes rolled in horrid wildness, when he writhed for an instant in his passing agonies, and then, as his head dropped lifeless upon his gored breast, he hung against the spar, a spectacle of dismay to his crew. A few of the Englishmen stood

chained to the spot in silent horror at the sight, but most of them fled to their lower deck, or hastened to conceal themselves in the secret parts of the vessel, leaving to the Americans the undisputed possession of the Alacrity.

Two thirds of the cutter's crew suffered either in life or limbs, by this short struggle; nor was the victory obtained by Barnstable without paying the price of several valuable lives. The first burst of conquest was not, however, the moment to appreciate the sacrifice, and loud and reiterated shouts, proclaimed the exultation of the conquerors. As the flush of victory subsided, however, recollection returned, and Barnstable issued such orders as humanity and his duty rendered necessary. While the vessels were separating, and the bodies of the dead and wounded were removing, the conqueror paced the deck of his prize, as if lost in deep reflection. He passed his hand, frequently, across his blackened and blood-stained brow, while his eyes would rise to examine the vast canopy of smoke that was hover-

ing above the vessels, like a dense fog exhaling from the ocean. The result of his deliberations was soon announced to his crew.

"Haul down all your flags," he cried; "set the Englishman's colours again, and show the enemy's jack above our own ensign in the Ariel."

The appearance of the whole channel-fleet within half gun shot, would not have occasioned more astonishment among the victors, than this extraordinary mandate. The wondering seamen suspended their several employments, to gaze at the singular change that was making in the flags, those symbols that were viewed with a sort of reverence, but none presumed to comment openly on the procedure, except long Tom, who stood on the quarter-deck of the prize, straightening the pliable iron of the harpoon which he had recovered, with as much care and diligence as if it were necessary to the maintenance of their conquest. Like the others, however, he suspended his employment, when he heard this order, and manifested no reluctance

to express his dissatisfaction at the measure.

"If the Englishmen grumble at the fight, and think it not fair play," muttered the old cockswain, "let us try it over again, sir; as they are somewhat short of hands, they can send a boat to the land, and get off a gang of them lazy riptyles, the soldiers, who stand looking at us, like so many red lizzards crawling on a beach, and we'll give them another chance; but damme, if I see the use of whipping them, if this is to be the better-end of the matter."

"What's that you're grumbling there, like a dead north-easter, you horse mackerel!" said Barnstable; "where are our friends and countrymen who are on the land! are we to leave them to swing on gibbets or rot in dungeons!"

The cockswain listened with great earnestness, and when his commander had spoken, he struck the palm of his broad hand against his brawny thigh, with a report like a pistol, and answered—

"I see how it is, sir; you reckon the

red coats have Mr. Griffith in tow. Just run the schooner into shoal water, Captain Barnstable, and drop an anchor, where we can get the long gun to bear on them, and give me the whale-boat and five or six men to back me—they must have long legs if they get an offing before I run them aboard!"

"Fool! do you think a boat's crew could contend with fifty armed soldiers!"

"Soldiers!" echoed Tom, whose spirits had been strongly excited by the conflict, snapping his fingers with ineffable disdain, "that for all the soldiers that were ever rigged: one whale could kill a thousand of them! and here stands the man that has kill'd his round hundred of whales!"

"Pshaw, you grampus, do you turn braggart in your old age!"

"It's no bragging, sir, to speak a log-book truth! but if Captain Barnstable thinks that old Tom Coffin carries a speaking trumpet for a figure-head, let him pass the word forrard to man the boats."

"No, no, my old master at the marling-

spike," said Barnstable, kindly, " I know thee too well, thou brother of Neptune; but, shall we not throw the bread-room dust in those Englishmen's eyes, by wearing their bunting awhile, till something may offer to help our captured countrymen."

The cockswain shook his head, and cogitated a moment, as if struck with sundry new ideas, when he answered—

" Ay, ay, sir; that's blue-water philosophy: as deep as the sea! Let the riptyles clew up the corners of their mouths to their eye-brows, now! when they come to hear the ra'al yankee truth of the matter, they will sheet them down to their leather neckcloths!"

With this reflection the cockswain was much consoled, and the business of repairing damages and securing the prize, proceeded without further interruption on his part. The few prisoners who were unhurt, were rapidly transferred to the Ariel. While Barnstable was attending to this duty, an unusual bustle drew his eyes to

one of the hatchways, where he beheld a couple of his marines dragging forward a gentleman, whose demeanour and appearance indicated the most abject terror. After examining the extraordinary appearance of this individual, for a moment, in silent amazement, the lieutenant exclaimed—

"Who have we here! some amateur in fights! an inquisitive, wonder-seeking non-combatant, who has volunteered to serve his king, and perhaps draw a picture, or write a book, to serve himself! Pray, sir, in what capacity did you serve in this vessel?"

The captive ventured a sidelong glance at his interrogator, in whom he expected to encounter Griffith, but perceiving that it was a face he did not know, he felt a revival of confidence that enabled him to reply—

"I came here by accident; being on board the cutter at the time her late commander determined to engage you. It was not in his power to land me, as I trust

you will not hesitate to do; your conjecture of my being a non-combatant—"

"Is perfectly true," interrupted Barnstable; "it requires no spy-glass to read that name written on you from stem to stern; but for certain weighty reasons—"

He paused to turn at a signal given him by young Merry, who whispered eagerly in his ear—

"'Tis Mr. Dillon, kinsman of Colonel Howard; I've seen him often, sailing in the wake of my cousin Cicily."

"Dillon!" exclaimed Barnstable, rubbing his hands with pleasure; "what, Kit of that name! he with 'the Savannah face, eyes of black, and skin of the same colour;' he's grown a little whiter with fear; but he's a prize, at this moment, worth twenty Alacritys!"

These exclamations were made in a low voice, and at some little distance from the prisoner, whom he now approached, and addressed—

"Policy, and consequently duty, require that I should detain you for a short

time, sir; but you shall have a sailor's welcome to whatever we possess, to lessen the weight of captivity."

Barnstable precluded any reply, by bowing to his captive, and turning away, to superintend the management of his vessels. In a short time it was announced that they were ready to make sail, when the Ariel and her prize were brought close to the wind, and commenced beating slowly along the land, as if intending to return to the bay whence the latter had sailed that morning. As they stretched into the shore, on the first tack, the soldiers on the cliffs rent the air with their shouts and acclamations, to which Barnstable, pointing to the assumed symbols that were fluttering in the breeze from his masts, directed his crew to respond in the most cordial manner. As the distance, and the want of boats, prevented any further communication, the soldiers, after gazing at the receding vessels for a time, disappeared from the cliffs, and were soon lost from the sight of the adventurous mariners. Hour after hour was consumed in the tedious

navigation, against an adverse tide, and the short day was drawing to a close, before they approached the mouth of their destined haven. As they made one of their numerous stretches, to and from the land, the cutter, in which Barnstable continued, passed the victim of their morning's sport, riding on the water, the waves curling over his huge carcass as on some rounded rock, and already surrounded by the sharks, who were preying on his defenceless body.

"See! Master Coffin," cried the lieutenant, pointing out the object to his cockswain, as they glided by it, "the shovel-nosed gentlemen are regaling daintily; you have neglected the christian's duty of burying your dead."

The old seaman cast a melancholy look at the dead whale, and replied,

"If I had the creatur in Boston Bay, or on the Sandy Point of Munny-Moy, 'twould be the making of me! But riches and honour are for the great and the larned, and there's nothing left for poor Tom Coffin to do, but to veer and haul on his own

rolling-tackle, that he may ride out the rest of the gale of life, without springing any of his old spars."

"How now, long Tom!" cried his officer, "these rocks and cliffs will shipwreck you on the shoals of poetry yet; you grow sentimental!"

"Them rocks might wrack any vessel that struck them," said the literal cockswain; "and as for poetry, I wants none better than the good old song of Captain Kid; but it's enough to raise solemn thoughts in a Cape Poge Indian, to see an eighty barrel whale devoured by shirks—'tis an awful waste of property! I've seen the death of two hundred of the creaturs, though it seems to keep the rations of poor old long Tom as short as ever."

The cockswain walked aft, while the vessel was passing the whale, and seating himself on the taffrail, with his face resting gloomily on his bony hand, he fastened his eyes on the object of his solicitude, and continued to gaze at it with melancholy regret, until it was no longer to be seen glistening in the sunbeams, as it rolled its

glittering side of white into the air, or the rays fell unreflected on the black and rougher coat of the back of the monster. In the mean time, the navigators diligently pursued their way for the haven we have mentioned, into which they steered with every appearance of the fearlessness of friends, and the exultation of conquerors.

A few eager and gratified spectators lined the edges of the small bay, and Barnstable concluded his arrangement for deceiving his enemy, by admonishing his crew, that they were now about to enter on a service that would require their utmost intrepidity and sagacity.

CHAPTER VII.

"Our trumpet called you to this gentle parl."

King John.

As Griffith and his companions rushed from the offices of St. Ruth, into the open air, they encountered no one to intercept their flight, or communicate the alarm. Warned by the experience of the earlier part of the same night, they avoided the points where they knew the sentinels were posted, though fully prepared to bear down all resistance, and were soon beyond the probability of immediate detection. They proceeded, for the distance of half a mile, with rapid strides, and with the stern and sullen silence of men who expecting to encounter immediate danger, were resolved to breast it with desperate resolution; but, as they plunged into a

copse, that clustered around the ruin which has been already mentioned, they lessened their exertions to a more deliberate pace, and a short but guarded dialogue ensued.

"We have had a timely escape," said Griffith; "I would much rather have endured captivity, than have been the cause of introducing confusion and bloodshed into the peaceful residence of Colonel Howard."

"I would, sir, that you had been of this opinion some hours earlier," returned the pilot, with a severity in his tones that even conveyed more meaning than his words.

"I may have forgotten my duty, sir, in my anxiety to inquire into the condition of a family in whom I feel a particular interest," returned Griffith, in a manner in which pride evidently struggled with respect; "but this is not a time for regrets; I apprehend that we follow you on an errand of some moment, where actions would be more acceptable than

any words of apology. What is your pleasure now?"

"I much fear that our project will be defeated," said the pilot, gloomily; "the alarm will spread with the morning fogs, and there will be musterings of the yeomen, and consultations of the gentry, that will drive all thoughts of amusement from their minds. The rumour of a descent will, at any time, force sleep from the shores of this island, to at least ten leagues inland."

"Ay, you have probably passed some pleasant nights, with your eyes open, among them, yourself, Master Pilot," said Manual; "they may thank the Frenchman, Thurot, in the old business of 56, and our own dare-devil, the bloody Scotchman, as the causes of their quarters being so often beaten up. After all, Thurot, with his fleet, did no more than bully them a little, and the poor fellow was finally extinguished by a few small cruisers, like a drummer's boy under a grenadier's cap; but honest Paul sung a different tune for his countrymen to dance to, and—"

"I believe you will shortly dance

yourself, Manual," interrupted Griffith, quickly, "and in very great pleasure that you have escaped an English prison."

"Say, rather, an English gibbet," continued the elated marine; "for had a court-martial or a court-civil discussed the manner of our entrance into this island, I doubt whether we should have fared better than the dare-devil himself, honest—"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the impatient Griffith, "enough of this nonsense, Captain Manual; we have other matters to discuss now;—what course have you determined to pursue, Mr. Gray?"

The pilot started, like a man aroused from a deep musing at this question, and after a pause of a moment, he spoke in a low tone of voice, as if still under the influence of deep and melancholy feeling—

"The night has already run into the morning watch, but the sun is backward to show himself in this latitude in the heart of winter—I must leave you, my friends, to rejoin you some ten hours hence; it will be necessary to look deeper

into our scheme before we hazard any thing, and no one can do the service but myself—where shall we meet again?"

"I have reason to think that there is an unfrequented ruin, at no great distance from us," said Griffith; "perhaps we might find both shelter and privacy among its deserted walls."

"The thought is good," returned the pilot, "and 'twill answer a double purpose. Could you find the place where you put the marines in ambush, Captain Manual?"

"Has a dog a nose! and can he follow a clean scent!" exclaimed the marine; "do you think, Signior Pilota, that a general ever puts his forces in an ambuscade where he can't find them himself? 'Fore God! I knew well enough where the rascals lay snoring on their knapsacks some half-an-hour ago, and I would have given the oldest majority in Washington's army to have had them where a small intimation from myself could have brought them in line, ready dressed, for a charge. I know not how you fared, gentlemen, but with

me, the sight of twenty such vagabonds would have been a joyous spectacle; we would have tossed that Captain Borroughcliffe and his recruits on the points of our bayonets, as the devil would pitch—"

"Come, come, Manual," said Griffith, a little angrily, "you constantly forget our situation and our errand; can you lead your men hither without discovery, before the day dawns?"

"I want but the shortest half-hour that a bad watch ever travelled over to do it in."

"Then follow, and I will appoint a place of secret rendezvous," rejoined Griffith; "Mr. Gray can learn our situation at the same time."

The pilot was seen to beckon, through the gloom of the night, for his companions to move forward, when they proceeded, with cautious steps, in quest of the desired shelter. A short search brought them in contact with a part of the ruinous walls, which were spread over a large surface, and which, in places, reared their black fragments against the sky, casting

a deeper obscurity across the secret recesses of the wood.

"This will do," said Griffith, when they had skirted for some distance the outline of the crumbling fabric; "bring up your men to this point, where I will meet you, and conduct them to some more secret place, for which I shall search during your absence."

"A perfect paradise, after the cable-tiers of the Ariel!" exclaimed Manual; "I doubt not but a good spot might be selected among these trees for a steady drill; a thing my soul has pined after for six long months."

"Away, away!" cried Griffith; "here is no place for idle parades; if we find shelter from discovery and capture until you shall be needed in a deadly struggle, 'twill be well."

Manual was slowly retracing his steps to the skirts of the wood, when he suddenly turned, and asked—

"Shall I post a small picquet—a mere corporal's guard, in the open ground in

front, and make a chain of sentinels to our works?"

"We have no works—we want no sentinels," returned his impatient commander; "our security is only to be found in secrecy. Lead up your men under the cover of the trees, and let those three bright stars be your landmarks—bring them in a range with the northern corner of the wood—"

"Enough, Mr. Griffith," interrupted Manual; "a column of troops is not to be steered like a ship, by compass, and bearings, and distances;—trust me, sir, the march shall be conducted with proper discretion, though in a military manner."

Any reply or expostulation was prevented by the sudden disappearance of the marine, whose retreating footsteps were heard, for several moments, as he moved at a deliberate pace through the underwood. During this short interval, the pilot stood reclining against a corner of the ruins in profound silence, but when the sounds of Manual's tread were no longer

audible, he advanced from under the deeper shadows of the wall, and approached his youthful companion.

"We are indebted to the marine for our escape," he said; "I hope we are not to suffer by his folly."

"He is what Barnstable calls a rectangular man," returned Griffith, "and will have his way in matters of his profession, though a daring companion in a hazardous expedition. If we can keep him from exposing us by his silly parade, we shall find him a man who will do his work like a soldier sir, when need happens."

"'Tis all I ask; until the last moment he and his command must be torpid; for if we are discovered, any attempt of ours, with some twenty bayonets, and a half-pike or two, must be useless against the force that would be brought to crush us."

"The truth of your opinion is too obvious," returned Griffith; "these fellows will sleep a week at a time in a gale at sea, but the smell of the land wakes them up, and I fear 'twill be hard to keep them close during the day."

"It must be done, sir, by the strong hand of force," said the pilot, sternly, "if it cannot be done by admonition; if we had no more than the recruits of that drunken martinet to cope with, it would be no hard task to drive them into the sea; but I learned in my prison, that horse are expected on the shore with the dawn; there is one they call Dillon, who is on the alert to do us mischief."

"The miscreant!" muttered Griffith; "then you also have had communion, sir, with the inmates of St. Ruth?"

"It behoves a man who is embarked in a perilous enterprise, to seize all opportunities to learn his hazard," said the pilot, evasively; "if the report be true, I fear we have but little hopes of succeeding in our plans."

"Nay then, let us take the advantage of the darkness to regain the schooner; the coasts of England swarm with hostile cruisers, and a rich trade is flowing into the bosom of this island from the four quarters of the world; we shall not seek long for a foe worthy to contend with, nor

for the opportunities to cut up the Englishman in his sinews of war—his wealth."

"Griffith," returned the pilot, in his still, low tones, that seemed to belong to a man who never knew ambition, nor felt human passion, "I grow sick of this struggle between merit and privileged rank. It is in vain that I scour the waters which the King of England boastingly calls his own, and capture his vessels in the very mouths of his harbours, if my reward is to consist only of violated promises, and hollow professions;—but your proposition is useless to me; I have at length obtained a ship of a size sufficient to convey my person to the shores of honest, plain-dealing America, and I would enter the hall of congress on my return, attended by a few of the legislators of this learned isle, who think they possess the exclusive privilege to be wise, and virtuous, and great."

"Such a retinue might, doubtless, be grateful both to your own feelings and those who would receive you," said Griffith, modestly; "but would it effect the great purposes of our struggle, or is it an

exploit, when achieved, worth the hazard you incur?"

Griffith felt the hand of the pilot on his own, pressing it with a convulsive grasp, as he replied, in a voice, if possible, even more desperately calm than his former tones—

"There is glory in it, young man; if it be purchased with danger, it shall be rewarded by fame! It is true I wear your republican livery, and call the Americans my brothers, but it is because you combat in behalf of human nature. Were your cause less holy, I would not shed the meanest drop that flows in English veins to serve it; but now, it hallows every exploit that is undertaken in its favour, and the names of all who contend for it shall belong to posterity. Is there no merit in teaching these proud islanders that the arm of liberty can pluck them from the very empire of their corruption and oppression?"

"Then let me go and ascertain what we most wish to know; you have been seen there, and might attract—"

"You little know me," interrupted the pilot; "the deed is my own. If I succeed, I shall claim the honour, and it is proper that I incur the hazard; if I fail, it will be buried in oblivion, like fifty others of my schemes, which, had I power to back me, would have thrown this kingdom in consternation, from the look-outs on the boldest of its head-lands, to those on the turrets of Windsor Castle. But I was born without the nobility of twenty generations to corrupt my blood and deaden my soul, and am not trusted by the degenerate wretches who rule the French marine."

"'Tis said that ships of two decks are building from our own oak," said Griffith; "and you have only to present yourself in America, to be employed most honourably."

"Ay! the republics cannot doubt the man who has supported their flag, without lowering it an inch, in so many bloody conflicts! I do go there, Griffith, but my way lies on this path; my pretended friends have bound my hands often, but my

enemies, never—neither shall they now. Ten hours will determine all I wish to know, and with you I trust the safety of the party till my return; be vigilant, but be prudent."

"If you should not appear at the appointed hour," exclaimed Griffith, as he beheld the pilot turning to depart, "where am I to seek, and how serve you?"

"Seek me not, but return to your vessel, my earliest years were passed on this coast, and I can leave the island, should it be necessary, as I entered it, aided by this disguise and my own knowledge; look to your charge, in such an event, and forget me entirely."

Griffith could distinguish the silent wave of his hand when the pilot concluded, and the next instant he was left alone. For several minutes the young man continued where he had been standing, musing on the singular endowments and restless enterprise of the being with whom chance had thus brought him, unexpectedly, in contact, and with whose fate and fortunes his own prospects had, by the in-

tervention of unlooked-for circumstances, become so intimately connected. When the reflections excited by recent occurrences had passed away, he entered within the sweeping circle of the ruinous walls, and after a very cursory survey of the state of the dilapidated building, he was satisfied that it contained secret places enough to conceal all his men, until the return of the pilot should warn them that the hour had come when they must attempt the seizure of the devoted sportsmen, or darkness should again facilitate their return to the Ariel. It was now about the commencement of that period of deep night which seamen distinguish as the morning watch, when Griffith ventured to the edge of the little wood, to listen if any sounds or tumult indicated that they were pursued. On reaching a point where his eye could faintly distinguish distant objects, the young man paused, and bestowed a close and wary investigation on the surrounding scene.

The fury of the gale had sensibly abated, but a steady current of sea air was rushing

through the naked branches of the oaks, lending a dreary and mournful sound to the gloom of the dim prospect. At the distance of a short half mile, the confused outline of the pile of St. Ruth rose proudly against the streak of light which was gradually increasing above the ocean, and there were moments when the young seaman even fancied he could discern the bright caps that topped the waves of his own disturbed element. The long, dull roar of the surf, as it tumbled heavily on the beach, or dashed with unbroken violence against the hard boundary of rocks, was borne along by the blasts distinctly to his ears. It was a time and a situation to cause the young seaman to ponder deeply on the changes and chances of his hazardous profession. Only a few short hours had passed since he was striving with his utmost skill, and with all his collected energy, to guide the enormous fabric, in which so many of his comrades were now quietly sleeping on the broad ocean, from that very shore on which he now stood in cool indifference to the danger. The re-

collection of home—America, his youthful and enduring passion, and the character and charms of his mistress, blended in a sort of wild and feverish confusion, which was not, however, without its pleasures, in the ardent fancy of the young man, and he was slowly approaching, step by step, towards the abbey, when the sound of footsteps, proceeding evidently from the measured tread of disciplined men, reached his ears. He was instantly recalled to his recollection by this noise, which increased as the party deliberately approached, and in a few moments he was able to distinguish a line of men, marching in order towards the edge of the wood from which he had himself so recently issued. Retiring rapidly under the deeper shadow of the wood, he waited until it was apparent the party intended also to enter under its cover, when he ventured to speak—

"Who comes, and on what errand?" he cried.

"A skulker, and to burrow like a rabbit, or jump from hole to hole, like a wharf-

rat!" said Manual, sulkily; "here have I been marching, within half-musket shot of the enemy, without daring to pull a trigger on their out-posts even, because our muzzles are plugged with that universal extinguisher of gunpowder, called prudence. 'Fore God! Mr. Griffith, I hope you may never feel the temptation to do an evil deed which I felt just now to throw a volley of small shot into that dog-kennel of a place, if it were only to break its windows and let in the night air upon the sleeping sot who is dozing away the fumes of some as good, old, south-side—harkye, Mr. Griffith, one word in your ear."

A short conference took place between the two officers, apart from the men, at the close of which, as they rejoined the party, Manual might be heard urging his plans on the reluctant ears of Griffith, in the following words:—

"I could carry the old dungeon without waking one of the snorers; and, consider, we might get a stock of as rich cordial from its cellars as ever oiled the throat of a gentleman."

"'Tis idle, 'tis idle," said Griffith, impatiently; "we are not robbers of hen-roosts, nor wine-gaugers, to be prying into the vaults of the English gentry, Captain Manual, but honourable men, employed in the sacred cause of liberty and our country. Lead your party into the ruin, and let them seek their rest; we may have work for them with the dawn."

"Evil was the hour when I quitted the line of the army, to place a soldier under the orders of an awkward squad of tarry jackets!" muttered Manual, as he proceeded to execute an order that was delivered with an air of authority that he knew must be obeyed. "As pretty an opportunity for a surprise and a forage thrown away, as ever crossed the path of a partisan! but, by all the rights of man, I'll have an encampment in some order. Here, you, serjeant, detail a corporal and three men for a piquet, and station them in the skirts of this wood. We shall have a sentinel in advance of our position, and things shall be conducted with some air of discipline."

Griffith heard this order with great inward disgust; but as he anticipated the return of the pilot before the light could arrive to render this weak exposure of their situation apparent, he forbore exercising his power to alter the arrangement. Manual had, therefore, the satisfaction of seeing his little party quartered as he thought in a military manner, before he retired with Griffith and his men into one of the vaulted apartments of the ruin, which, by its open and broken doors, invited their entrance. Here the marines disposed themselves to rest, while the two officers succeeded in passing the tedious hours, without losing their characters for watchfulness, by conversing with each other, or, at whiles, suffering their thoughts to roam in the very different fields which fancy would exhibit to men of such differing characters. In this manner, hour after hour passed, in listless quiet, or sullen expectation, until the day had gradually advanced, and it became dangerous to keep the sentinels and picquet in open view, where they would be liable to be

seen by any straggler who might be passing near the wood. Manual remonstrated against any alteration, as being entirely unmilitary, for he was apt to carry his notions of tactics to extremes whenever he came in collision with a sea-officer, but in this instance his superior was firm, and the only concession the captain could obtain, was liberty to place a solitary sentinel within a few feet of the vault, and under cover of the crumbling walls of the building itself. With this slight deviation in their arrangements, the uneasy group remained for several hours longer, impatiently awaiting the period when they should be required to move.

The guns first fired from the Alacrity had been distinctly audible, and were pronounced by Griffith, whose practised ear detected the weight of metal carried by the piece that was used, as not proceeding from the schooner. When the rapid though distant rumbling of the spirited cannonade became audible, it was with difficulty that Griffith could restrain either his own feelings or the conduct of his companions

within those bounds that prudence and their situation required. The last gun was, however, fired, and not a man had left the vault, and conjectures as to the result of the fight, succeeded to those which had been previously made on the character of the combatants during the action. Some of the marines would raise their heads from the fragments of the building, that served them as pillows on which they were seeking disturbed and stolen slumbers and after listening to the cannon, would again compose themselves to sleep, like men who felt no concern in a contest in which they did not participate. Others, more alive to events, and less drowsy, lavishly expended their rude jokes on those who were engaged in the struggle, or listened with a curious interest to mark the progress of the battle, by the uncertain index of its noise. When the fight had been concluded some time, Manual indulged his ill-humour more at length.—

"There has been a party of pleasure, within a league of us, Mr. Griffith," he said, "at which, but for our present sub-

terraneous quarters, we might have been guests, and thus laid some claim to the honour of sharing in the victory. But it is not too late to push the party on as far as the cliffs, where we shall be in sight of the vessels, and we may possibly establish a claim to our share of the prize-money."

" There is but little wealth to be gleaned from the capture of a king's cutter," returned Griffith, " and there would be less honour were Barnstable encumbered with our additional and useless numbers."

" Useless," repeated Manual; " there is much good service to be got out of twenty-three well-drilled and well-chosen marines; look at those fellows, Mr. Griffith, and then tell me if you would think them an encumbrance in the hour of need?"

Griffith smiled, and glanced his eye over the sleeping group, for when the firing had ceased the whole party sought their repose, and he could not help admiring the athletic and sinewy limbs that lay scattered around the gloomy vault, in every posture that ease or whim dictated. From the stout frames of the men, his glance was

directed to the stack of fire-arms, along whose glittering tubes and polished bayonets strong rays of light were dancing, even in that dark apartment. Manual followed the direction of his eyes, and watched the expression of his countenance, with inward exultation, but he had the forbearance to await his reply before he manifested his feelings more openly.

"I know them to be true men," said Griffith, "when needed, but—hark! what says he?"

"Who goes there? what noise is that?" repeated the sentinel who was placed at the entrance of the vault.

Manual and Griffith both sprang from their places of rest, and stood, unwilling to create the slightest sounds, listening with the most intense anxiety to catch the next indications of the cause of their watchman's alarm. A short stillness, like that of death, succeeded, during which Griffith whispered—

"'Tis the pilot; his hour has been long passed."

The words were hardly spoken, when the clashing of steel in fierce and sudden contact was heard, and at the next instant the body of the sentinel fell heavily along the stone steps that led to the open air, and rolled lifelessly at their feet, with the bayonet that had caused his death projecting from a deep wound in his breast.

"Away, away, sleepers away!" shouted Griffith.

"To arms!" cried Manual, in a voice of thunder.

The alarmed marines, suddenly aroused from their slumbers at these thrilling cries, sprang on their feet in a confused cluster, and at that fatal moment a body of living fire darted into the vault, which re-echoed with the reports of twenty muskets. The uproar, the smoke, and the groans which escaped from many of his party, could not restrain Griffith another instant; his pistol was fired through the cloud that concealed the entrance of the vault, and he followed his leaden messenger, trailing a half-pike, and shouting to his men—

"Come on! follow, my lads; they are nothing but soldiers."

Even while he spoke, the ardent young seaman was rushing up the narrow passage, but as he gained the open space, his foot struck the writhing body of the victim of his shot, and he was precipitated headlong into a group of armed men.

"Fire! Manual, fire!" shouted the infuriated prisoner; "fire while you have them in a cluster!"

"Ay, fire, Mr. Manual," said Borroughcliffe, with great coolness, "and shoot your own officer; hold him up, boys! hold him up in front; the safest place is nighest to him."

"Fire!" repeated Griffith, making desperate efforts to release himself from the grasp of five or six men; "fire, and disregard me."

"If he do, he deserves to be hung," said Borroughcliffe; "such fine fellows are not sufficiently plenty to be shot at like wild beasts in chains. Take him from before the mouth of the vault, boys, and spread yourselves to your duty."

At the time Griffith issued from the cover, Manual was mechanically employed in placing his men in order, and the marines, accustomed to do every thing in concert and array, lost the moment to advance. The soldiers of Borroughcliffe re-loaded their muskets, and fell back behind different portions of the wall, where they could command the entrance to the vault with their fire, without much exposure to themselves. This disposition was very coolly reconnoitred by Manual in person, through some of the crevices in the wall, and he hesitated to advance against the force he beheld, while so advantageously posted. In this situation several shots were fired by either party, without effect, until Borroughcliffe, perceiving the inefficacy of that mode of attack, summoned the garrison of the vault to a parley.

"Surrender to the forces of his majesty, King George the Third," he cried, "and I promise you quarter."

"Will you release your prisoner, and give us free passage to our vessels?" asked Manual; "the garrison to march

out with all the honours of war, and officers to retain their side-arms?"

"Inadmissible," returned Borroughcliffe, with great gravity; "the honour of his majesty's arms, and the welfare of the realm, forbid such a treaty; but I offer you safe quarter, and honourable treatment."

"Officers to retain their side-arms, your prisoner to be released, and the whole party to return to America, on parole, not to serve until exchanged?"

"Not granted," said Borroughcliffe. "The most that I can yield, is a good potation of the generous south-side, and if you are the man I take you for, you will know how to prize such an offer."

"In what capacity do you summon us to yield? as men entitled to the benefit of the laws of arms, or as rebels to your king?"

"Ye are rebels all, gentlemen," returned the deliberate Borroughcliffe, "and as such ye must yield; though so far as good treatment and good fare goes, you are sure of it while in my power; in all

other respects you lie at the mercy of his most gracious majesty."

"Then let his majesty shew his gracious face, and come and take us, for I'll be—"

The asseveration of the marine was interrupted by Griffith, whose blood had sensibly cooled, and whose generous feelings were awakened in behalf of his comrades, now that his own fate seemed decided.

"Hold, Manual," he cried, "make no rash oaths; Captain Borroughcliffe, I am Edward Griffith, a lieutenant in the navy of the United American States, and I pledge you my honour, to a parole—"

"Release him," said Borroughcliffe.

Griffith advanced between the two parties, and spoke so loud as to be heard by both—

"I propose to descend to the vault and ascertain the loss and present strength of Captain Manual's party; if the latter be not greater than I apprehend, I shall advise him to a surrender on the usual conditions of civilized nations."

"Go," said the soldier; "but stay; is

he a half-and-half —an amphibious—pshaw! I mean a marine?"

"He is, sir, a captain in that corps—"

"The very man," interrupted Borroughcliffe; "I thought I recollected the liquid sounds of his voice. It will be well to speak to him of the good fare of St. Ruth's, and you may add, that I know my man; I shall besiege instead of storming him, with the certainty of his surrendering when his canteen is empty. The vaults he is in holds no such beverage as the cellars of the abbey."

Griffith smiled, in spite of the occasion and his vexation, and making a slight inclination of his head, he passed into the vault, giving notice to his friends by his voice, in order to apprize them who approached.

He found six of the marines, including the sentinel, lying dead on the ragged pavement, and four others wounded, but stifling their groans, by order of their commander, that they might not inform the enemy of his weakness. With the remainder of his command, Manual had in-

trenched himself behind the fragment of a wall that intersected the vault, and regardless of the dismaying objects before him, maintained as bold a front, and as momentous an air, as if the fate of a walled town depended on his resolution and ingenuity.

"You see, Mr. Griffith," he cried, when the young sailor approached this gloomy but really formidable arrangement, "that nothing short of artillery can dislodge me; as for that drinking Englishman above, let him send down his men by platoons of eight or ten, and I'll pile them up on those steps, four and five deep."

"But artillery can and will be brought, if it should be necessary," said Griffith, "and there is not the least chance of your eventual escape; it may be possible for you to destroy a few of the enemy, but you are too humane to wish to do it unnecessarily."

"No doubt," returned Manual, with a grim smile; "and yet methinks I could find present pleasure in shooting seven of them—yes, just seven, which is one more than they have struck off my roster."

"Remember your own wounded," added Griffith; "they suffer for want of aid, while you protract a useless defence."

A few smothered groans, from the sufferers, seconded this appeal, and Manual yielded, though with a very ill grace, to the necessity of the case.

"Go, then, and tell him that we will surrender as prisoners of war," he said, "on the conditions that he grants me my side-arms, and that suitable care shall be taken of the sick—be particular to call them sick—for some lucky accident may yet occur before the compact is ratified, and I would not have him learn our loss."

Griffith, without waiting for a second bidding hastened to Borroughcliffe with his intelligence.

"His side-arms!" repeated the soldier, when the other had done; "what are they, I pray thee, a marlingspike! for if his equipments be no better than thine own, my worthy prisoner, there is little need to quarrel about their ownership."

"Had I but ten of my meanest men, armed with such half-pikes, and Captain

Borroughcliffe with his party were put at deadly strife with us," retorted Griffith, "he might find occasion to value our weapons more highly."

"Four such fiery gentlemen as yourself would have routed my command," returned Borroughcliffe, with undisturbed composure; "I trembled for my ranks when I saw you coming out of the smoke like a blazing comet from behind a cloud, and I shall never think of somersets without returning inward thanks to their inventor. But our treaty is made; let your comrades come forth and pile their arms."

Griffith communicated the result to the captain of marines, when the latter led the remnant of his party out of his sunken fortress into the open air.

The men, who had manifested throughout the whole business that cool subordination and unyielding front, mixed with the dauntless spirit that to this day distinguishes the corps of which they were members, followed their commander in sullen silence, and stacked their arms, with as much regularity and precision as if they

had been ordered to relieve themselves after a march. When this necessary preliminary had been observed, Borroughcliffe unmasked his forces, and our adventurers found themselves once more in the power of the enemy, and under circumstances which rendered the prospects of a speedy release from their captivity nearly hopeless.

CHAPTER VIII.

"If your father will do me any honour, so;
If not let him kill the next Percy himself;
I look to be either Earl or Duke, I can assure you."

Falstaff.

MANUAL cast several discontented and sullen looks from his captors to the remnant of his own command, while the process of pinioning the latter was conducted with much discretion, under the directions of Sergeant Drill; but meeting, in one of his dissatisfied glances, with the pale and disturbed features of Griffith, he gave vent to his ill-humour, as follows:—

"This results from neglecting the precautions of military discipline! Had the command been with me, who, I may say, without boasting, have been accustomed to the duties of the field, proper picquets would have been posted, and instead of being caught like so many rabbits in a

burrow, to be smoked out with brimstone, we should have had an open field for the struggle; or we might have possessed ourselves of these walls, which I could have made good for two hours at least, against the best regiment that ever wore King George's facings."

"Defend the outworks before retreating to the citadel!" cried Borroughcliffe; "'tis the game of war, and shows science; but had you kept closer to your burrow, the rabbits might now have all been frisking about in that pleasant abode. The eyes of a timid hind were greeted this morning, while journeying near this wood, with a passing sight of armed men, in strange attire; and as he fled, with an intent of casting himself into the sea, as fear will sometimes urge one of his kind to do, he luckily encountered me on the cliffs, who humanely saved his life, by compelling him to conduct us hither. There is often wisdom in science, my worthy contemporary in arms, but there is sometimes safety in ignorance."

"You have succeeded, sir, and have a

right to be pleasant," said Manual, seating himself gloomily on a fragment of the ruin, and fastening his looks on the melancholy spectacle of the lifeless bodies, as they were successively brought from the vault, and placed at his feet; "but these men have been my own children, and you will excuse me if I cannot retort your pleasantries. Ah! Captain Borroughcliffe, you are a soldier, and know how to value merit. I took those very fellows, who sleep on these stones so quietly, from the hands of nature, and made them the pride of our art. They were no longer men, but brave lads who ate and drank, wheeled and marched, loaded and fired, laughed or were sorrowful, spoke or were silent, only at my will. As for soul, there was but one among them all, and that was in my keeping! Groan, my children, groan freely now; there is no longer a reason to be silent. I have known a single musket-bullet cut the buttons from the coats of five of them in a row, without raising the skin of a man. I could ever calculate, with certainty, how many it would be ne-

cessary to expend in all regular service, but this accursed banditti business has robbed me of the choicest of my treasures. You 'stand at ease' now, my children; groan, it will soften your anguish."

Borroughcliffe appeared to participate, in some degree, in the feelings of his captive, and he made a few appropriate remarks in the way of condolence, while he watched the preparations that were making by his own men to move. At length his orderly announced that substitutes for barrows were provided to sustain the wounded, and inquired if it were his pleasure to return to their quarters.

"Who has seen the horse?" demanded the captain; "which way did they march? Have they gained any tidings of this party of the enemy?"

"Not from us, your honour," returned the sergeant; "they had ridden along the coast before we left the cliffs, and it was said their officer intended to scour the shore for several miles, and spread the alarm."

"Let him; it is all such gay gallants

are good for. Drill, honour is almost as scarce an article with our arms just now, as promotion. We seem but the degenerate children of the heroes of Poictiers;—you understand me, sergeant?"

"Some battle fought by his majesty's troops against the French, your honour," returned the orderly, a little at a loss to comprehend the expression of his officer's eye.

"Fellow, you grow dull on victory," exclaimed Borroughcliffe; "come hither, I would give you orders. Do you think, Mister Drill, there is more honour, or likely to be more profit, in this little morning's amusement than you and I can stand under?"

"I should not, your honour; we have both pretty broad shoulders—"

"That are not weakened by undue burthens of this nature," interrupted his captain, significantly; "if we let the news of this affair reach the ears of those hungry dragoons, they would charge upon us, open mouthed, like a pack of famished beagles,

and claim at least half the credit, and certainly all the profit."

"But, your honour, there was not a man of them even—"

"No matter, Drill; I've known troops that have been engaged, and have suffered, cheated out of their share of victory by a well-worded despatch. You know, fellow, that in the smoke and confusion of a battle, a man can only see what passes near him, and common prudence requires that he only mention in his official letters what he knows can't be easily contradicted. Thus your Indians, and, indeed, all allies, are not entitled to the right of a general order, any more than to the right of a parade. Now, I dare say, you have heard of a certain battle of Blenheim?"

"Lord! your honour,' tis the pride of the British army, that and the Culloden! 'Twas when the great Corporal John beat the French king, and all his lords 'and nobility, with half his nation in arms to back him!"

"Ay! there is a little of the barrack

readings in the account, but it is substantially true; know you how many French were in the field, that day, Mister Drill?"

"I have never seen the totals of their muster, sir, in print, but judging by the difference betwixt the nations, I should suppose some hundreds of thousands."

"And yet, to oppose this vast army, the duke had only some ten or twelve thousand well-fed Englishmen! You look astounded, sergeant!"

"Why, your honour, that does seem rather an over-match for an old soldier to swallow; the random shot would sweep away so small a force."

"And yet the battle was fought, and the victory won; but the Duke of Marlborough had a certain Mr. Eugene, with some fifty or sixty thousand High-Dutchers, to back him. You never heard of Mr. Eugene?"

"Not a syllable, your honour; I always thought that Corporal John—"

"Was a gallant and great general; you thought right, Mister Drill. So would a

certain nameless gentleman be also, if his majesty would sign a commission to that effect. However, a majority is on the high road to a regiment, and with even a regiment a man is comfortable! In plain English, Mister Drill, we must get our prisoners into the abbey with as little noise as possible, in order that the horse may continue their gambols along the coast, without coming to devour our meal. All the fuss must be made at the war-office. For that trifle you may trust me; I think I know who holds a quill that is as good in its way as the sword he wears. Drill is a short name, and can easily be written within the folds of a letter."

"Lord, your honour?" said the gratified halberdier, "I'm sure such an honour is more—but your honour can ever command me."

"I do; and it is, to be close, and to make your men keep close, until it shall be time to speak, when, I pledge myself, there shall be noise enough." Borroughcliffe shook his head, with a grave air, as he continued—"It has been a devil of a

bloody fight, sergeant! look at the dead and wounded; a wood on each flank—supported by a ruin in the centre. Oh! ink! ink! can be spilt on the details with great effect. Go, fellow, and prepare to march."

Thus enlightened on the subject of his commander's ulterior views, the non-commissioned agent of the captain's wishes proceeded to give suitable instructions to the rest of the party, and to make the more immediate preparations for a march. The arrangements were soon completed. The bodies of the slain were left unsheltered, the seclusion of the ruin being deemed a sufficient security against the danger of any discovery, until darkness should favour their removal, in conformity with Borroughcliffe's plan, to monopolize the glory. The wounded were placed on rude litters, composed of the muskets and blankets of the prisoners, when the conquerors and vanquished moved together in a compact body from the ruin, in such a manner as to make the former serve as a mask to conceal the latter from the curious gaze of

any casual passenger. There was but little, however, to apprehend on this head, for the alarm and the terror consequent on the exaggerated reports that flew through the country, effectually prevented any intruders on the usually quiet and retired domains of St. Ruth.

The party was emerging from the wood, when the cracking of branches, and rustling of dried leaves, announced, however, that an interruption of some sort was about to occur.

" If it should be one of their rascally patroles!" exclaimed Borroughcliffe, with very obvious displeasure; " they trample like a regiment of cavalry; but, gentlemen, you will acknowledge yourselves, that we were retiring from the field of battle when we met the reinforcement, if it should prove to be such."

" We are not disposed, sir, to deny you the glory of having achieved your victory single handed," said Griffith, glancing his eyes uneasily in the direction of the approaching sounds, expecting to see the pilot issue from the thicket in which he

seemed to be entangled, instead of any detachment of his enemies.

"Clear the way, Cæsar!" cried a voice at no great distance from them; "break through the accursed vines, on my right, Pompey!—press forward, my fine fellows, or we may be too late to smell even the smoke of the fight."

"Hum!" ejaculated the captain with his philosophic indifference of manner entirely re-established, "this must be a Roman legion just awoke from a trance of some seventeen centuries, and that the voice of a Centurion. We will halt, Mister Drill, and view the manner of an ancient march!"

While the captain was yet speaking, a violent effort disengaged the advancing party from the thicket of brambles in which they had been entangled, when two blacks, each bending under a load of fire arms, preceded Colonel Howard into the clear space where Borroughcliffe had halted his detachment. Some little time was necessary to enable the veteran to arrange his disordered dress, and to remove

the perspiring effects of the unusual toil from his features, before he could observe the addition to the captain's numbers.

"We heard you fire," cried the old soldier, making, at the same time, the most diligent application of his bandanna, "and I determined to aid you with a sortie, which, when judiciously timed, has been the means of raising many a siege; though, had Montcalm rested quietly within his walls, the plains of Abram might never have drunk his blood."

"Oh! his decision was soldierly, and according to all the rules of war," exclaimed Manual, "and had I followed his example, this day might have produced a different tale!"

"Why, who have we here!" cried the colonel in astonishment; "who is it that pretends to criticise battles and sieges, dressed in such a garb!"

"'Tis a dux incognitorum, my worthy host," said Borroughcliffe, "which means in our English language, a captain of marines in the service of the American Congress."

"What! have you then met the enemy! ay! and by the fame of the immortal Wolfe you have captured them!" cried the delighted veteran; "I was pressing on with a part of my garrison to your assistance, for I had seen that you were marching in this direction, and even the report of a few muskets were heard."

"A few!" interrupted the conqueror; "I know not what you call a few, my gallant and ancient friend; you may possibly have shot at each other by the week in the days of Wolfe, and Abercrombie, and Braddock, but I too have seen smart firing, and can hazard an opinion in such matters. There was as pretty a roll made by fire-arms at the battles on the Hudson, as ever rattled from a drum; it is all over, and many live to talk of it; but this has been the most desperate affair, for the numbers, I ever was engaged in! I speak always with a reference to the numbers. The wood is pretty well sprinkled with dead, and we have contrived to bring off a few of the desperately wounded with us, as you may perceive."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the surprised veteran, "that such an engagement should happen within musket shot of the Abbey, and I know so little of it! My faculties are on the wane, I fear, for the time has been when a single discharge would rouse me from the deepest sleep."

"The bayonet is a silent weapon," returned the composed captain, with a significant wave of his hand; "'tis the Englishman's pride, and every experienced officer knows, that one thrust from it is worth the fire of a whole platoon."

"What, did ye come to the charge!" cried the Colonel; "by the Lord, Borroughcliffe, my gallant young friend, I would have given twenty tierces of rice, and two able bodied negroes, to have seen the fray!"

"It would have been a pleasant spectacle to witness sans disputation," returned the captain; "but victory is ours without the presence of Achilles, this time. I have them, all that survive the affair; at least, all that have put foot on English soil."

"Ay! and the king's cutter has brought

in the schooner!" added Colonel Howard. —"Thus perish rebellion for evermore! Where's Kit? my kinsman Mr. Christopher Dillon? I would ask him what the laws of the realm next prescribe to loyal subjects. Here will be work for the jurors of Middlesex, Captain Borroughcliffe, if not for a secretary of state's warrant. Where is Kit? My kinsman, the ductile, the sagacious, the loyal Christopher."

"The Cacique 'non est,' as more than one bailiff has said of sundry clever fellows in our regiment, when there has been a pressing occasion for their presence," said the soldier; "but the cornet of horse has given me reason to believe that his provincial lordship, who repaired on board the cutter to give intelligence of the position of the enemy, continued there to share the dangers and honours of the naval combat."

"Ay, 'tis like him!" cried the Colonel, rubbing his hands with glee; "'tis like him; he has forgotten the law and his peaceful occupations, at the sounds of military preparation, and has carried the head

of a statesman into the fight, with the ardour and thoughtlessness of a boy."

"The Cacique is a man of discretion," observed the Captain, with his usual dryness of manner, "and will doubtless recollect his obligations to posterity and himself, though he be found entangled in the mazes of a combat. But I marvel that he does not return, for some time has now elapsed since the schooner struck her flag, as my own eyes have witnessed."

"You will pardon me, gentlemen," said Griffith, advancing towards them with uncontroulable interest; "but I have unavoidably heard part of your discourse, and cannot think you will find it necessary to withhold the whole truth from a disarmed captive; say you that a schooner has been captured this morning?"

"It is assuredly true," said Borroughcliffe, with a display of nature and delicacy in his manner that did his heart infinite credit; "but I forbore to tell you, because I thought your own misfortunes would be enough for one time. Mr. Griffith, this

gentleman is Colonel Howard, to whose hospitality you will be indebted for some favours before we separate."

"Griffith!" echoed the Colonel, in quick reply, "Griffith! what a sight for my old eyes to witness!—the child of worthy, gallant, loyal Hugh Griffith a captive, and taken in arms against his prince! Young man, young man, what would thy honest father, what would his bosom friend, my own poor brother Harry, have said, had it pleased God they had survived to witness this burning shame and lasting stigma on thy respectable name?"

"Had my father lived, he would now have been upholding the independence of his native land," said the young man, proudly; "I wish to respect even the prejudices of Colonel Howard, and beg he will forbear urging a subject on which I fear we never shall agree."

"Never, while thou art to be found in the ranks of rebellion!" cried the Colonel. "Oh! boy, boy! how I could have loved and cherished thee, if the skill and knowledge obtained in the service of thy prince

were now devoted to the maintenance of his unalienable rights! I loved thy father, worthy Hugh, even as I loved my own brother Harry."

"And his son should be still dear to you," interrupted Griffith, taking the reluctant hand of the Colonel into both his own.

"Ah! Edward, Edward!" continued the softened veteran, "how many of my day-dreams have been destroyed by thy perversity! nay, I know not that Kit, discreet and loyal as he is, could have found such favour in my eyes as thyself; there is a cast of thy father, in that face and smile, Ned, that might have won me to any thing short of treason—and then Cicily, provoking, tender, mutinous, kind, affectionate, good Cicily, would have been a link to unite us for ever."

The youth cast a hasty glance at the deliberate Borroughcliffe, who, if he had obeyed the impatient expression of his eye, would have followed the party that was slowly bearing the wounded towards the

Abbey, before he yielded to his feelings, and answered—

"Nay, sir; let this then be the termination of our misunderstanding—your lovely niece shall be that link, and you shall be to me as your friend Hugh would have been had he lived, and to Cecilia twice a parent."

"Boy, boy," said the veteran, averting his face to conceal the working of his muscles, "you talk idly; my word is now plighted to my kinsman Kit, and thy scheme is impracticable."

"Nothing is impracticable, sir, to youth and enterprise, when aided by age and experience like yours," returned Griffith; "this war must soon terminate."

"This war!" echoed the Colonel, shaking loose the grasp which Griffith held on his arm; "ay! what of this war, young man? Is it not an accursed attempt to deny the rights of our gracious sovereign, and to place tyrants, reared in kennels, on the throne of princes! a scheme to elevate the wicked at the expense of the good! a project to aid unrighteous ambition, under

the mask of sacred liberty and the popular cry of equality! as if there could be liberty without order! or equality of rights, where the privileges of the sovereign are not as sacred as those of the people!"

"You judge us harshly, Colonel Howard," said Griffith—

"I judge you!" interrupted the old soldier, who, by this time, thought the youth resembled any one rather than his friend Hugh; "it is not my province to judge you at all; if it were! but the time will come, the time will come. I am a patient man, and can wait the course of things; yes, yes, age cools the blood, and we learn to suppress the passions and impatience of youth; but if the ministry would issue a commission of justice for the colonies, and put the name of old George Howard in it, I am a dog, if there should be a rebel alive in twelve months. Sir," turning sternly to Borroughcliffe, "in such a cause, I could prove a Roman, aud hang—hang! yes, I do think, sir, I could hang my kinsman, Mr. Christopher Dillon!"

"Spare the Cacique such an unnatural

elevation, before his time," returned the captain, with a grave wave of the hand; "but, sir," pointing towards the wood, "there is a more befitting subject for the gallows! Mr. Griffith, yonder man calls himself your comrade?"

The eyes of Colonel Howard and Griffith followed the direction of his finger, and the latter instantly recognized the Pilot, standing in the skirts of the wood, with his arms folded, apparently surveying the condition of his friends.

"That man," said Griffith, in confusion, and hesitating to utter even the equivocal truth that suggested itself, "that man does not belong to our ship's company."

"And yet he has been seen in *your* company," returned the incredulous Borroughcliffe;" he was the spokesman in last night's examination, Colonel Howard, and, doubtless, commands the rear guard of the rebels."

"You say true," cried the veteran; "Pompey! Cæsar! present! fire!"

The blacks started at the sudden orders

of their master, of whom they stood in the deepest awe, and, presenting their muskets, they averted their faces, and shutting their eyes, obeyed the bloody mandate.

"Charge!" shouted the Colonel, flourishing the ancient sword with which he had armed himself, and pressing forward with all the activity that a recent fit of the gout would allow; "charge, and exterminate the dogs with the bayonet! push on, Pompey—dress, boys, dress."

"If your friend stand this charge," said Borroughcliffe to Griffith, with unmoved composure, "his nerves are made of iron; such a charge would break the Coldstreams, with Pompey in the ranks!"

"I trust in God," cried Griffith, "he will have forbearance enough to respect the weakness of Colonel Howard!—he presents a pistol!"

"But he will not fire; the Romans deem it prudent to halt; nay, by heaven, they countermarch to the rear. Holloa! Colonel Howard, my worthy host, fall back on your reinforcements; the wood is full of armed men; they cannot escape us; I

only wait for the horse to cut off the retreat."

The veteran, who had advanced to within a short distance of the single man, who thus deliberately awaited the attack, halted at this summons, and, by a glance of his eye, ascertained that he stood alone. Believing the words of Borroughcliffe to be true, he slowly retired, keeping his face manfully towards his enemy, until he gained the support of the captain.

"Recall the troops, Borroughcliffe!" he cried, "and let us charge into the wood; they will fly before his majesty's arms like guilty scoundrels, as they are. As for the negroes, I'll teach the black rascals to desert their master at such a moment. They say Fear is pale, but d——e, Borroughcliffe, if I do not believe his skin is black."

"I have seen him of all colours; blue, white, black, and party-coloured," said the captain; "I must take the command of matters on myself, however, my excellent host; let us retire into the Abbey, and

trust me to cut off the remainder of the rebels."

In this arrangement, the colonel reluctantly acquiesced, and the three followed the soldier to the dwelling, at a pace that was adapted to the infirmities of its master. The excitement of the onset, and the current of his ideas, had united, however, to banish every amicable thought from the breast of the colonel, and he entered the Abbey with a resolute determination of seeing that justice was dealt to Griffith and his companions, even though it should push them to the foot of the gallows.

As the gentlemen disappeared from his view, among the shrubbery of the grounds, the Pilot replaced the weapon that was hanging from his hand, in his bosom, and, turning with a saddened and thoughtful brow, he slowly re-entered the wood.

CHAPTER IX.

——— "When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon."

Casca.

The reader will discover, by referring to the time consumed in the foregoing events, that the Ariel, with her prize, did not anchor in the bay, already mentioned, until Griffith and his party had been for several hours in the custody of their enemies. The supposed capture of the rebel schooner was an incident that excited but little interest, and no surprise, among a people who were accustomed to consider their seamen as invincible; and Barnstable had not found it a difficult task to practise his deception on the few rustics whom curiosity induced to venture alongside the

vessels during the short continuance of daylight. When, however, the fogs of evening began to rise along the narrow basin, and the curvatures of its margin were lost in the single outline of its dark and gloomy border, the young seaman thought it time to apply himself in earnest to his duty. The Alacrity, containing all his own crew, together with the Ariel's wounded, was gotten silently under way, and driving easily before the heavy air that swept from the land, she drifted from the harbour, until the open sea lay before her, when her sails were spread, and she continued to make the best of her way in quest of the frigate. Barnstable had watched this movement with breathless anxiety, for, on an eminence that completely commanded the waters to some distance, a small but rude battery had been erected for the purpose of protecting the harbour against the depredations and insults of the smaller vessels of the enemy; and a guard of sufficient force to manage the two heavy guns it contained, was maintained in the work at all times. He

was ignorant how far his stratagem had been successful, and it was only when he heard the fluttering of the Alacrity's canvas, as she opened it to the breeze, that he felt he was yet secure.

"'Twill reach the Englishmen's ears," said the boy Merry, who stood on the forecastle of the schooner, by the side of his commander, listening with breathless interest to the sounds; they set a sentinel on the point, as the sun went down, and if he is a trifle better than a dead man, or a marine asleep, he will suspect something is wrong."

"Never!" returned Barnstable, with a long breath, that announced all his apprehensions were removed; "he will be more likely to believe it a mermaid, fanning herself this cool evening, than to suspect the real fact. What say you, Master Coffin? will the soldier smell the truth?"

"They're a dumb race," said the cockswain, casting his eyes over his shoulders, to ascertain that none of their own marine guard was near him; "now, there was our sargeant, who ought to know something,

seeing that he has been afloat these four years, maintained, dead in the face and eyes of what every man, who has ever doubled Good Hope, knows to be true, that there was no such vessel to be fallen in with in them seas, as the Flying Dutchman! and then, again, when I told him that he was a 'know-nothing,' and asked him if the Dutchman was a more unlikely thing, than that there should be places where the inhabitants split the year in two watches, and had day for six months, and night the rest of the time, the green-horn laughed in my face, and I do believe he would have told me I lied, but for one thing."

"And what might that be?" asked Barnstable, gravely.

"Why, sir," returned Tom, stretching his bony fingers, as he surveyed his broad palm, by the little light that remained, though I am a peaceable man, I can be roused."

"And you have seen the Flying Dutchman?"

"I never doubled the east cape; though

I can find my way through Le Maire in the darkest night that ever fell from the heavens; but I have seen them that have seen her, and spoken her too."

"Well, be it so; you must turn flying Yankee, yourself, to-night, Master Coffin. Man your boat at once, sir, and arm your crew."

The cockswain paused a moment, before he proceeded to obey this unexpected order, and, pointing towards the battery, he inquired, with infinite phlegm—

"For shore-work, sir? Shall we take the cutlashes and pistols? or shall we want the pikes?"

"There may be soldiers in our way, with their bayonets," said Barnstable, musing; "arm as usual, but throw a few long pikes into the boat, and hark ye, Master Coffin, out with your tub and whale-line; for I see you have rigged yourself anew in that way."

The cockswain, who was moving from the forecastle, turned short at this new mandate, and, with an air of remonstrance, ventured to say—

"Trust an old whaler, Captain Barnstable, who has been used to these craft all his life. A whale-boat is made to pull with a tub and line in it, as naturally as a ship is made to sail with ballast, and—"

"Out with it, out with it," interrupted the other, with an impatient gesture, that his cockswain knew signified a positive determination; and, heaving a sigh at what he deemed his commander's prejudice, he applied himself, without further delay, to the execution of the orders. Barnstable laid his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the boy, and led him to the stern of his little vessel, in profound silence. The canvas hood that covered the entrance to the cabin was thrown partly aside, and by the light of the lamp that was burning in the small apartment, it was easy to survey, from the deck, what was passing beneath them. Dillon sat supporting his head with his two hands, in a manner that shaded his face, but in an attitude that denoted deep and abstracted musing.

"I would that I could see the face of my prisoner," said Barnstable, in an under tone,

that was audible only to his companion. "The eye of a man is a sort of light-house, to tell one how to steer into the haven of his confidence, boy."

"And sometimes a beacon, sir, to warn you, there is no safe anchorage near him," returned the ready boy.

"Rogue!" muttered Barnstable, "your cousin Kate spoke there."

"If my cousin Plowden were here, Mr. Barnstable, I know that her opinion of yon gentleman would not be at all more favourable."

"And yet, I have determined to trust him! Listen, boy, and tell me if I am wrong; you have a quick wit, like some others of your family, and may suggest something advantageous." The gratified midshipman swelled with the conscious pleasure of possessing his commander's confidence, and followed to the taffrail, over which Barnstable leaned, while he delivered the remainder of his communication. "I have gathered from the 'long shore-men who have come off, this evening, to stare at the vessel which the rebels

have been able to build, that a party of seamen and marines have been captured in an old ruin near the Abbey of St. Ruth, this very day."

"'Tis Mr. Griffith!" exclaimed the boy.

"Ay! the wit of your cousin Katherine is not necessary to discover that. Now, I have proposed to this gentleman with the Savannah face, that he should go into the Abbey, and negotiate an exchange. I will give him for Griffith; and the crew of the Alacrity, for Manual's command and the Tigers."

"The Tigers!" cried the lad, with emotion; "have they got my tigers too! would to God that Mr. Griffith had permitted me to land!"

"It was no boy's work they were about, and room was scarcer in their boat than live-lumber. But this Mr. Dillon has accepted my proposition, and has pledged himself that Griffith shall return within an hour after he is permitted to enter the Abbey: will he redeem his honour from the pledge?"

"He may," said Merry, musing a moment, "for I believe he thinks the presence of Mr. Griffith under the same roof with Miss Howard, a thing to be prevented, if possible; he may be true in this instance, though he has a hollow look."

"He has bad-looking light-houses, I will own," said Barnstable; "and yet he is a gentleman, and promises fair; 'tis unmanly to suspect him in such a matter, and I will have faith! Now listen, sir. The absence of older heads must throw great responsibility on your young shoulders; watch that battery as closely as if you were at the mast-head of your frigate, on the look-out for an enemy; the instant you see lights moving in it, cut, and run into the offing; you will find me somewhere under the cliffs, and you will stand off and on, keeping the Abbey in sight, until you fall in with us."

Merry gave an attentive ear to these and divers other solemn injunctions that he received from his commander, who, having sent the officer next to himself in authority in charge of the prize,

(the third in command being included in the list of the wounded,) was compelled to intrust his beloved schooner to the vigilance of a lad whose years gave no promise of the experience and skill that he actually possessed.

When his admonitory instructions were ended, Barnstable stepped again to the opening in the cabin-hood, and for a single moment before he spoke, once more examined the countenance of his prisoner, with a keen eye. Dillon had removed his hands from before his sallow features, and, as if conscious of the scrutiny his looks were to undergo, had concentrated the whole expression of his forbidding aspect in a settled gaze of hopeless submission to his fate. At least, so thought his captor, and the idea touched some of the finer feelings in the bosom ot the generous young seaman. Discarding, instantly, every suspicion of his prisoner's honour, as alike unworthy of them both, Barnstable summoned him in a cheerful voice, to the boat. There was a flashing of the features of Dillon, at this call, which gave an inde-

finable expression to his countenance, that again startled the sailor; but it was so very transient, and could so easily be mistaken for a smile of pleasure at his promised liberation, that the doubts it engendered passed away almost as speedily as the equivocal expression itself. Barnstable was in the act of following his companion into the boat, when he felt himself detained by a slight hold of his arm.

"What would you have?" he asked of the midshipman, who had given him the signal.

"Do not trust too much to that Dillon, sir," returned the anxious boy, in a whisper; "if you had seen his face, as I did, when the binnacle light fell upon it, as he came up the cabin ladder, you would put no faith in him."

"I should have seen no beauty," said the generous lieutenant, laughing; "now, there is long Tom, as hard-featured a youth of two score and ten as ever washed in brine, who has a heart as big—ay, bigger than that of a kraaken. A bright watch to you, boy, and remember, a keen eye on the battery." As he was yet speak-

ing, Barnstable crossed the gunwale of his little vessel, and it was not until he was seated by the side of his prisoner, that he continued aloud—"Cast the stops off your sails, Mr. Merry, and see all clear to make a run of every thing; recollect, you are short-handed, sir. God bless ye! and d'ye hear? if there is a man among you who shuts more than one eye at a time, I'll make him, when I get back, open both, wider than if Tom Coffin's friend, the flying Dutchman, was booming down upon him. God bless ye, Merry, my boy; give 'em the square-sail, if this breeze off-shore holds on till morning;—shove off."

As Barnstable gave the last order, he fell back on his seat, and, drawing his boat-cloak around him, maintained a profound silence, until they had passed the two small headlands that formed the mouth of the harbour. The men pulled, with muffled oars, their long, vigorous strokes, and the boat glided, with amazing rapidity, by the objects that could be yet indistinctly seen along the dim shore. When, however, they had gained the open ocean, and

the direction of their little bark was changed to one that led them in a line with the coast, and within the shadows of the cliffs, the cockswain, deeming that the silence was no longer necessary to their safety, ventured to break it as follows—

"A square-sail is a good sail to carry on a craft, dead afore it, and in a heavy sea; but if fifty years can teach a man to know the weather, it's my judgment that if the Ariel breaks ground after the night turns at eight bells, she'll need her main-sail to hold her up to her course."

The lieutenant started at this sudden interruption to his musing, and casting his cloak from his shoulders, he looked abroad on the waters, as if seeking those portentous omens which disturbed the imagination of his cockswain.

"How now, Tom," he said, sharply, "have ye turned croaker in your old age? what see you, to cause such an old woman's ditty?"

"'Tis no song of an old woman," returned the cockswain, with solemn earnestness, "but the warning of an old man;

and one who has spent his days where there were no hills to prevent the winds of heaven from blowing on him, unless they were hills of salt water and foam. I judge, sir, there'll be a heavy north-easter setting in upon us afore the morning watch is called."

Barnstable knew the experience of his old messmate too well, to feel no uneasiness at such an opinion, delivered in so portentous a manner; but after again surveying the horizon, the heavens, and the oceans, he said, with a continued severity of manner—

"Your prophecy is idle, this time, Master Coffin; every thing looks like a dead calm. This swell is what is left from the last blow; the mist overhead is nothing but the nightly fog, and you can see with your own eyes, that it is driving seaward; even this land breeze is nothing but the air of the ground mixing with that of the ocean; it is heavy with dew and fog, but it's as sluggish as a Dutch galliot."

"Ay, sir, it is damp, and there is little of it," rejoined Tom; "but as it comes

only from the shore, so it never goes far on the water. It is hard to learn the true signs of the weather, Captain Barnstable, and none get to know them well, but such as study little else, or feel but little else. There is only One who can see the winds of heaven, or who can tell when a hurricane is to begin, or where it will end. Still, a man isn't like a whale or a porpoise, that takes the air in his nostrils, but never knows whether it is a south-easter or a north-wester that he feeds upon. Look, broad-off to leeward, sir; see the streak of clear sky shining under the mists; take an old sea-faring man's word for it, Captain Barnstable, that whenever the light shines out of the heavens in that way, 'tis never done for nothing; besides, the sun set in a dark bank of clouds, and the little moon we had was dry and windy."

Barnstable listened attentively, and with increasing concern, for he well knew that his cockswain possessed a quick and almost unerring judgment of the weather, notwithstanding the confused medley of superstitious omens and signs with which it

was blended; but, again throwing himself back in his boat, he muttered—

"Then let it blow; Griffith is worth a heavier risk, and if the battery can't be cheated, it can be carried."

Nothing further passed on the state of the weather. Dillon had not ventured a single remark since he entered the boat, and the cockswain had the discretion to understand that his officer was willing to be left to his own thoughts. For near an hour they pursued their way with diligence, the sinewy seamen, who wielded the oars, urging their light boat along the edge of the surf with unabated velocity, and, apparently, with untired exertions. Occasionally, Barnstable would cast an inquiring glance at the little inlets that they passed, or would note, with a seaman's eye, the small portions of sandy beach that were scattered here and there along the rocky boundaries of the coast. One, in particular, a deeper inlet than common, where a run of fresh water was heard gurgling as it met the tide, he pointed out to his cockswain, by significant, but silent

gestures, as a place to be especially noted. Tom, who understood the signal as intended for his own eye alone, made his observations on the spot, with equal taciturnity, but with all the minuteness that would distinguish one long accustomed to find his way, whether by land or water, by landmarks, and the bearings of different objects. Soon after this silent communication between the lieutenant and his cockswain, the boat was suddenly turned, and was in the act of dashing upon the spit of sand before it, when Barnstable checked the movement by his voice—

"Hold water!" he said; "tis the sound of oars!"

The seamen held their boat at rest, while a deep attention was given to the noise that had alarmed the ears of their commander.

"See, sir," said the cockswain, pointing towards the eastern horizon; "it is just rising into the streak of light to seaward of us—now it settles in the trough—ah! here you have it again!"

"By heavens!" cried Barnstable, "'tis a man of war's stroke it pulls; I saw its oar-

blades as they fell! and, listen to the sound! neither your fisherman nor your smuggler pulls such a regular oar."

Tom had bowed his head nearly to the water, in the act of listening, and now, raising himself, he spoke with confidence—

"That is the Tiger; I know the stroke of her crew as well as I do of my own. Mr. Merry has made them learn the new-fashioned jerk, as they dip their blades, and they feather with such a roll in their rullocks! I could swear to the stroke."

"Hand me the night-glass," said his commander, impatiently; "I can catch them as they are lifted into the streak. You are right, by every star in our flag, Tom!—but there is only one man in her stern-sheets. By my good eyes, I believe it is that accursed Pilot, sneaking from the land, and leaving Griffith and Manual to die in English prisons. To shore with you—beach her at once."

The order was no sooner given, than it was obeyed, and in less than two minutes, the impatient Barnstable, Dillon, and the cockswain, were standing together on the sands.

The impression he had received, that his friends were abandoned to their fate by the Pilot, urged the generous young seaman to hasten the departure of his prisoner, as he was fearful every moment might interpose some new obstacle to the success of his plans.

"Mr. Dillon," he said, the instant they were landed, "I exact no new promise—your honour is already plighted"—

"If oaths can make it stronger," interrupted Dillon, "I will take them."

"Oaths cannot—the honour of a gentleman is, at all times, enough. I shall send my cockswain with you to the Abbey, and you will either return with him, in person, within two hours, or give Mr. Griffith and Captain Manual to his guidance. Proceed, sir; you are conditionally free; there is an easy opening by which to ascend the cliffs."

Dillon once more thanked his generous captor, and then proceeded to force his way up the rough eminence.

"Follow, and obey his instructions," said Barnstable to his cockswain, aloud.

Tom, long accustomed to implicit obedience, handled his harpoon, and was quietly following in the footsteps of his new leader, when he felt the hand of the lieutenant on his shoulder.

"You saw where the brook emptied over the hillock of sand," said Barnstable, in an under tone.

Tom nodded assent.

"You will find us there, riding without the surf—'twill not do to trust too much to an enemy."

The cockswain made a gesture of great significance with his weapon, that was intended to indicate the danger their prisoner would incur should he prove false; and applying the wooden end of the harpoon to the rocks, he ascended the ravine at a rate that soon brought him to the side of his companion.

CHAPTER X.

"Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under:
He's like to be a cold soldier."

Falstaff.

Barnstable lingered on the sands for a few minutes, until the footsteps of Dillon and the cockswain were no longer audible, when he ordered his men to launch their boat once more into the surf. While the seamen pulled leisurely towards the place he had designated, as the point where he would await the return of Tom, the lieutenant first began to entertain serious apprehensions concerning the good faith of his prisoner. Now that Dillon was beyond his control, his imagination presented in very vivid colours, several little circumstances in the other's conduct, which might readily excuse some doubts of his good

faith, and, by the time they had reached the place of rendezvous, and had cast a light grapnel into the sea, his fears had rendered him excessively uncomfortable. Leaving the lieutenant to his reflections, on this unpleasant subject, we shall follow Dillon and his fearless and unsuspecting companion, in their progress towards St. Ruth.

The mists, to which Tom had alluded, in his discussion of the state of the weather with his commander, appeared to be settling nearer to the earth, and assuming, more decidedly, the appearance of a fog, hanging above them, in sluggish volumes, but little agitated by the air. The consequent obscurity added deeply to the gloom of the night, and it would have been difficult for one, less acquainted than Dillon with the surrounding localities, to have found the path which led to the dwelling of Colonel Howard. After some little search, this desirable object was effected, and the civilian led the way, with rapid strides, towards the Abbey.

"Ay, ay!" said Tom, who followed his

steps, and equalled his paces without any apparent effort, "you shore-people have an easy way to find your course and distance, when you get into the track. I was once left by the craft I belonged to, in Boston, to find my way to Plymouth, which is a matter of fifteen leagues, or thereaway; and, so finding nothing was bound up the bay, after lying-by for a week, I concluded to haul aboard my land tacks. I spent the better part of another week in a search for some hooker, on board of which I might work my passage across the country, for money was as scarce then with old Tom Coffin as it is now, and is likely to be, unless the fisheries get a good luff soon; but it seems that nothing but your horse-flesh, and horned cattle, and jack-asses, are privileged to do the pulling and hauling in your shore-hookers; and I was forced to pay a week's wages for a berth, besides keeping a banyan on a mouthful of bread and cheese, from the time we hove up in Boston, 'till we came-to in Plymouth town."

"It was certainly an unreasonable exac-

tion, on the part of the stage-owners, from a man in your situation," said Dillon, in a friendly soothing tone of voice, that denoted a willingness to pursue the conversation.

"My situation was that of a cabin passenger," returned the cockswain; "for there was but one hand forward, beside the cattle I mentioned—that was he who steered—and an easy berth he had of it; for there his course lay a-tween walls of stone and fences; and, as for his reckoning, why, they had stuck up bits of stone on-end, with his day's work footed up, ready to his hand, every half league or so. Besides, the land-marks were so plenty, that a man with half-an-eye might steer her, and no fear of getting to leeward."

"You must have found yourself, as it were, in a new world," observed Dillon.

"Why, to me, it was pretty much the same as if I had been set afloat in a strange country, though I may be said to be a native of those parts, being born on the coast. I had often heard shore-men say,

that there was as much 'arth as water in the world, which I always set down as a rank lie, for I've sailed with a flowing sheet months an-end, without falling in with as much land or rock as would answer a gull to lay its eggs on; but I will own, that a-tween Boston and Plymouth, we were out-of-sight of water for as much as two full watches."

Dillon pursued this interesting subject with great diligence, and, by the time they reached the wall, which enclosed the large paddock that surrounded the Abbey, the cockswain was deeply involved in a discussion of the comparative magnitude of the Atlantic Ocean and the Continent of America.

Avoiding the principal entrance to the building, through the great gates which communicated with the court in front, Dillon followed the windings of the wall until it led them to a wicket, which he knew was seldom closed for the night, until the hour for general rest had arrived. Their way now lay in the rear of the principal edifice, and soon conducted them

to the confused pile which contained the offices. The cockswain followed his companion, with a confiding reliance on his knowledge and good faith, that was a good deal increased by the freedom of communication that had been maintained during their walk from the cliffs. He did not perceive any thing extraordinary in the other's stopping at the room, which had been provided as a sort of barracks for the soldiers of Captain Borroughcliffe. A conference which took place between Dillon and the sergeant, was soon ended, when the former beckoned to the cockswain to follow, and, taking a circuit round the whole of the offices, they entered the Abbey together, by the door through which the ladies had issued, when in quest of the three prisoners, as has been already related. After a turn or two among the narrow passages of that part of the edifice, Tom, whose faith in the facilities of land navigation began to be a little shaken, found himself following his guide through a long, dark gallery, that was terminated at the end to which they

were approaching, by a half-open door, that admitted a glimpse into a well-lighted and comfortable apartment. To this door Dillon hastily advanced, and, throwing it open, the cockswain enjoyed a full view of the very scene that we described, in introducing Col. Howard to the acquaintance of the reader, and under circumstances of great similitude. The cheerful fire of coal, the strong and glaring lights, the tables of polished mahogany, and the blushing fluids, were still the same in appearance, while the only perceptible change was in the number of those who partook of the cheer. The master of the mansion, and Borroughcliffe, were seated opposite to each other, employed in discussing the events of the day, and diligently pushing to and fro the glittering vessel, that contained a portion of the generous liquor they both loved so well; a task which each moment rendered lighter.

"If Kit would but return," exclaimed the veteran, whose back was to the opening door, "bringing with him his honest

brows encircled, as they will be, or ought to be, with laurel, I should be the happiest old fool, Borroughcliffe, in his majesty's realm of Great Britain!"

The captain, who felt the necessity for the unnatural restraint he had imposed on his thirst, to be removed by the capture of his enemies, pointed towards the door with one hand, while he grasped the sparkling reservoir of the "south side" with the other, and answered—

"Lo! the Cacique himself! his brow inviting the diadem—ha! who have we in his highness's train? By the Lord, Sir Cacique, if you travel with a body guard of such grenadiers, old Frederick of Prussia himself will have occasion to envy you the corps! a clear six-footer in nature's stockings! and the arms as unique as the armed!"

The colonel did not, however, attend to half of his companion's exclamations, but turning, he beheld the individual he had so much desired, and received him with a delight proportioned to the unexpectedness of the pleasure. For several minutes,

Dillon was compelled to listen to the rapid questions of his venerable relative, to all of which he answered with a prudent reserve, that might, in some measure, have been governed by the presence of the cockswain. Tom stood with infinite composure, leaning on his harpoon, and surveying, with a countenance where wonder was singularly blended with contempt, the furniture and arrangements of an apartment that was far more splendid than any he had before seen. In the meantime, Borroughcliffe entirely disregarded the private communications that passed between his host and Dillon, which gradually became more deeply interesting, and finally drew them to a distant corner of the apartment, but taking a most undue advantage of the absence of the gentleman, who had so lately been his boon companion, he swallowed one potation after another, as if a double duty had devolved on him, in consequence of the desertion of the veteran. Whenever his eye did wander from the ruby tints of his glass, it was to survey, with unrepressed admira-

tion, the inches of the cockswain, about whose stature and frame there were numberless excellent points to attract the gaze of a recruiting officer. From this double pleasure, the captain was, however, at last summoned to participate in the councils of his friends.

Dillon was spared the disagreeable duty of repeating the artful tale he had found it necessary to palm on the colonel, by the ardour of the veteran himself, who executed the task in a manner that gave to the treachery of his kinsman, every appearance of a justifiable artifice and of unshaken zeal in the cause of his prince. In substance, Tom was to be detained as a prisoner, and the party of Barnstable were to be entrapped, and of course to share a similar fate. The sunken eye of Dillon cowered before the steady gaze which Borroughcliffe fastened on him, as the latter listened to the plaudits the colonel lavished on his cousin's ingenuity; but the hesitation that lingered in the soldier's manner vanished, when he turned to examine their unsuspecting prisoner, who was

continuing his survey of the apartment, while he innocently imagined the consultations he witnessed were merely the proper and preparatory steps to his admission to the presence of Mr. Griffith.

"Drill," said Borroughcliffe, aloud, "advance and receive your orders." The cockswain turned quickly at this sudden mandate, and, for the first time, perceived that he had been followed into the gallery by the orderly, and two files of the recruits, armed. "Take this man to the guard-room, and feed him; and see that he dies not of thirst."

There was nothing alarming in this order, and Tom was following the soldiers, in obedience to a gesture from the captain, when their steps were arrested in the gallery, by the cry of "Halt."

"On recollection, Drill," said Borroughcliffe, in a tone from which all dictatorial sounds were banished, "show the gentleman into my own room and see him properly supplied."

The orderly gave such an intimation of his comprehending the meaning of his officer

as the latter was accustomed to receive, when Borroughcliffe returned to his bottle, and the cockswain followed his guide with an alacrity and good will that were not a little increased by the repeated mention of the cheer that awaited him.

Luckily for the impatience of Tom, the quarters of the captain were at hand, and the promised entertainment by no means slow in making its appearance. The former was an apartment that opened from a lesser gallery, which communicated with the principal one already mentioned; and the latter was a bountiful but ungarnished supply of that staple of the British isles, called roast beef; of which the kitchen of Colonel Howard was never without a due and loyal provision. The sergeant, who certainly understood one of the signs of his captain to imply an attack on the citadel of the cockswain's brain, mingled, with his own hands, a potation that he styled a rummer of grog, and which he thought would have felled the animal itself that Tom was so diligently masticating, had it been alive, and in its vigour.

Every calculation that was made on the infirmity of the cockswain's intellect, under the stimulus of Jamaica, was, however, futile. He swallowed glass after glass, with prodigious relish, but, at the same time, with immoveable steadiness; and the eyes of the sergeant, who felt it incumbent to do honour to his own cheer, were already glistening in his head, when, happily for the credit of his art, a tap at the door announced the presence of his captain, and relieved him from the impending disgrace of being drunk blind by a recruit.

As Borroughcliffe entered the apartment, he commanded his orderly to retire, adding—

"Mr. Dillon will give you instructions, which you are implicitly to obey."

Drill, who had sense enough remaining to apprehend the displeasure of his officer, should the latter discover his condition, quickened his departure, and the cockswain soon found himself alone with the captain. The vigour of Tom's attacks on the remnants of the sirloin was now much

abated, leaving in its place that placid enjoyment which is apt to linger about the palate, long after the cravings of appetite have been appeased. He had seated himself on one of the trunks of Borroughcliffe, utterly disdaining the use of a chair, and, with the trencher in his lap, was using his own jack-knife on the dilapidated fragment of the ox, with something of that nicety with which the female goule, of the Arabian Tales, might be supposed to pick her rice with the point of her bodkin. The captain drew a seat nigh the cockswain, and, with a familiarity and kindness infinitely condescending, when the difference in their several conditions is considered, he commenced the following dialogue:

"I hope you have found your entertainment to your liking, Mr. ——I must own my ignorance of your name."

"Tom," said the cockswain, keeping his eyes roaming over the contents of the trencher; "commonly called long-Tom, by my ship-mates."

"You have sailed with discreet men, and able navigators it would seem, as they

understand longitude so well," rejoined the captain; "but you have a patronymic—I would say, another name?"

"Coffin," returned the cockswain. "I'm called Tom, when there is any hurry, such as letting go the haulyards, or a sheet; long-Tom, when they want to get to windward of an old seaman, by fair weather; and long-Tom Coffin, when they wish to hail me, so that none of my cousins of the same name, about the islands, shall answer; for I believe the best man among them can't measure much over a fathom, taking him from his head-works to his heel."

"You are a most deserving fellow," cried Borroughcliffe, "and it is painful to think to what a fate the treachery of Mr. Dillon has consigned you."

The suspicions of Tom, if he ever entertained any, were lulled to rest too effectually by the kindness he had received, to be awakened by this equivocal lament; he, therefore, after renewing his intimacy with the rummer, contented himself by saying, with a satisfied simplicity—

"I am consigned to no one, carrying no cargo but this Mr. Dillon, who is to give me Mr. Griffith in exchange, or to go back to the Ariel himself, as my prisoner."

"Ah! my good friend, I fear you will find, when the time comes to make this exchange, that he will refuse to do either."

"But I'll be d——d if he don't do one of them; my orders are to see it done, and back he goes; or Mr. Griffith, who is as good a seaman, for his years, as ever trod a deck, slips his cable from this here anchorage."

Borroughcliffe affected to eye his companion with great commiseration; an exhibition of compassion that was, however, completely lost on the cockswain, whose nerves were strung to their happiest tension, by his repeated libations, while his wit was, if any thing, quickened by the same cause, though his own want of guile rendered him slow to comprehend its existence in others. Perceiving it necessary to speak plainly, the captain renewed the attack in a more direct manner—

"I am sorry to say that you will not be permitted to return to the Ariel, and that your commander, Mr. Barnstable, will be a prisoner within the hour; and in fact, that your schooner will be taken before the morning breaks."

"Who'll take her?" asked the cockswain, with a grim smile, on whose feelings, however, this combination of threatened calamities was beginning to make some impression.

"You must remember, that she lies immediately under the heavy guns of a battery that can sink her in a few minutes; an express has already been sent to acquaint the commander of the work with the Ariel's true character; and as the wind has already begun to blow from the ocean, her escape is impossible."

The truth, together with its portentous consequences, now began to glare across the faculties of the cockswain. He remembered his own prognostics on the weather, and the helpless situation of the schooner, deprived of more than half her crew, and left to the keeping of a boy, while her

commander himself was on the eve of captivity. The trencher fell from his lap to the floor, his head sunk on his knees, his face was concealed between his broad palms, and in spite of every effort the old seaman could make to conceal his emotion, he fairly groaned aloud.

For a moment the better feelings of Borroughcliffe prevailed, and he paused, as he witnessed this exhibition of suffering in one whose head was already sprinkled with the marks of time; but his habits, and the impressions left by many years passed in collecting victims for the wars, soon resumed their ascendancy, and the recruiting officer diligently addressed himself to an improvement of his advantage.

"I pity, from my heart, the poor lads whom artifice, or mistaken notions of duty, may have led astray, and who will thus be taken in arms against their sovereign; but, as they are found in the very island of Britain, they must be made examples to deter others. I fear, that unless they can make their peace with government, they will all be condemned to death."

"Let them make their peace with God, then; your government can do but little to clear the log-account of a man whose watch is up for this world."

"But, by making their peace with those who have the power, their lives may be spared," said the captain, watching, with keen eyes, the effect his words produced on the cockswain.

"It matters but little when a man hears the messenger pipe his hammock down for the last time; he keeps his watch in another world, though he does not here. But to see wood and iron, that has been put together after such moulds as the Ariel's, go into strange hands, is a blow that a man may remember long after the purser's books have been squared against his name for ever. I would rather that twenty shot should strike my old carcass, than one should hull the schooner that didn't pass out above her water-line."

Borroughcliffe replied, somewhat carelessly, "I may be mistaken, after all; and, instead of putting any of you to death, they may place you all on board the pri-

son-ships, where you may yet have a merry time of it, these ten or fifteen years to come."

"How's that, shipmate!" cried the cockswain, with a start; "a prison ship d'ye say? you may tell them that they can save the expense of one man's rations, by shooting him if they please, and that is old Tom Coffin."

"There is no answering for their caprice; to-day they may order a dozen of you to be shot for rebels; to-morrow they may choose to consider you as prisoners of war, and send you to the hulks for a dozen years."

"Tell them, brother, that I'm a rebel, will ye? and ye'll tell 'em no lie—one that has fout them since Manly's time, in Boston bay, to this hour. I hope the boy will blow her up! it would be the death of poor Richard Barnstable, to see her in the hands of the English!"

"I know of one way," cried Borroughcliffe, affecting to muse, "and but one, that will certainly avert the prison-ship; for, on second thoughts, they will hardly put you to death."

"Name it, friend," cried the cockswain, rising from his seat in evident perturbation, "and if it lies in the power of man, it shall be done."

"Nay," said the captain, dropping his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the other, who listened with the most eager attention, "'tis easily done, and no dreadful thing in itself: you are used to gunpowder, and know its smell from otto of roses?"

"Ay, ay," cried the impatient old seaman; "I have had it flashing under my nose by the hour; what then?"

"Why then, what I have to propose to you will be nothing to a man like you —you found the beef wholesome, and the grog mellow?"

"Ay, ay, all well enough; but what is that to an old sailor?" asked the cockswain, unconsciously grasping the collar of Borroughcliffe's coat, in his agitation; "what then?"

The captain manifested no displeasure at this unexpected familiarity, but smiled, with suavity, as he unmasked the battery,

from behind which he had hitherto carried on his attacks.

"Why, then, you have only to serve your king, as you have before served the Congress—and let me be the man to show you your colours."

The cockswain stared at the speaker intently, but it was evident he did not clearly comprehend the nature of the proposition, and the captain pursued the subject—

"In plain English, enlist in my company, my fine fellow," he added "and your life and liberty are both safe."

Tom did not laugh aloud, for that was a burst of feeling in which he was seldom known to indulge, but every feature of his weather-beaten visage contracted into an expression of bitter ironical contempt.

Borroughcliffe felt the iron fingers, that still grasped his collar, gradually tightening about his throat, like a vice, and, as the arm slowly contracted, his body was drawn by a power that it was in vain to resist, close to that of the cockswain, who, when their faces were within a foot of

each other, gave vent to his emotions in these words:—

"A messmate, before a shipmate; a shipmate, before a stranger; a stranger, before a dog; but a dog before a soldier!"

As Tom concluded, his nervous arm was suddenly extended to the utmost, the fingers relinquishing their grasp at the same time, and when Borroughcliffe recovered his disordered faculties, he found himself in a distant corner of the apartment, prostrate among a confused pile of chairs, tables, and wearing apparel. In endeavouring to rise from this humble posture, the hand of the captain fell on the hilt of his sword, which had been included in the confused assemblage of articles produced by his overthrow.

"How now, scoundrel!" he cried, baring the glittering weapon, and springing on his feet; "you must be taught your distance, I perceive."

The cockswain seized the harpoon which leaned against the wall, and dropped its barbed extremity within a foot of the breast of his assailant, with an expression

of the eye that denoted the danger of a nearer approach. The captain, however, wanted not for courage, and, stung to the quick by the insult he had received, he made a desperate parry, and attempted to pass within the point of the novel weapon of his adversary. The slight shock was followed by a sweeping whirl of the harpoon, and Borroughcliffe found himself without arms, completely at the mercy of his foe. The bloody intentions of Tom vanished with his success; for, laying aside his weapon, he advanced upon his antagonist, and siezed him with an open palm. One more struggle, in which the captain discovered his incompetency to make any defence against the strength of a man who managed him as if he had been a child, decided the matter. When the captain was passive in the hands of his foe, the cockswain produced sundry pieces of sennit, marline, and ratlin-stuff, from pockets, which appeared to contain as great a variety of small cordage as a boatswain's store-room, and proceeded to lash the arms of the conquered to the posts of his bed,

with a coolness that had not been disturbed since the commencement of hostilities, a silence that seemed inflexible, and a dexterity that none but a seaman could equal. When this part of his plan was executed, Tom paused a moment, and gazed around him as if in quest of something. The naked sword caught his eye, and with this weapon in his hand, he deliberately approached his captive, whose alarm prevented his discovering, that the cockswain had snapped the blade asunder from the handle, and that he had already encircled the latter with marline.

"For God's sake," exclaimed Borroughcliffe, "murder me not in cold blood!"

The silver hilt entered his mouth as the words issued from it, and the captain found, while the line was passed and repassed, in repeated involutions across the back of his neck, that he was in a condition to which he often subjected his own men, when unruly, and which is universally called, being 'gagged.' The cockswain now appeared to think himself entitled to all the privileges of a

conqueror; for, taking the light in his hand, he commenced a scrutiny into the nature and quality of the worldly effects that lay at his mercy. Sundry articles, that belonged to the equipments of a soldier, were examined, and cast aside, with great contempt, and divers garments of plainer exterior, were rejected as unsuited to the frame of the victor. He, however, soon encountered two articles, of a metal that is well understood by all. But the uncertainty as to their use appeared greatly to embarrass him. The circular prongs of these curiosities were applied to either hand, to the wrists, and even to the nose, and the little wheels, at their opposite extremity, were turned and examined with as much curiosity and care, as a savage would expend on a watch, until the idea seemed to cross the mind of the honest seaman, that they formed part of the useless trappings of a military man, and he cast them aside, also, as utterly worthless. Borroughcliffe, who watched every movement of his conqueror, with a good humour that would have restored

perfect harmony between them, could he but have expressed half what he felt, witnessed the safety of a favourite pair of spurs, with much pleasure, though nearly suffocated by mirth, that was unnaturally repressed. At length, the cockswain found a pair of handsomely mounted pistols, a sort of weapon with which he seemed quite familiar. They were loaded, and the knowledge of that fact appeared to remind Tom of the necessity of departing, by bringing to his recollection the danger of his commander and the Ariel. He thrust the weapons into the canvas belt that encircled his body, and, grasping his harpoon, approached the bed where Borroughcliffe was seated in duresse.

"Harkye, friend," said the cockswain, "may the Lord forgive you, as I do, for wishing to make a soldier of a sea-faring man, and one who has followed the waters since he was an hour old, and one who hopes to die off soundings, and to be buried in brine. I wish you no harm, friend, but you'll have to keep a stopper on your conversation 'till such time as some of

your messmates call this way, which I hope will be as soon after I get an offing as may be."

With these amicable wishes, the cockswain departed, leaving Borroughcliffe the light, and the undisturbed possession of his apartment, though not in the most easy or the most enviable situation imaginable. The captain heard the bolt of his lock turn, and the key rattle as the cockswain withdrew it from the door—two precautionary steps, that clearly indicated that the vanquisher deemed it prudent to secure his retreat, by insuring the detention of the vanquished, for at least a time.

CHAPTER XI.

"Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:—
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?"
Collins.

It is certain that Tom Coffin had devised no settled plan of operations, when he issued from the apartment of Borroughcliffe, if we except a most resolute determination to make the best of his way to the Ariel, and to share her fate, let it be either to sink or swim. But this was a resolution much easier formed by the honest seaman, than executed in his present situation. He would have found it less difficult to extricate a vessel from the dangerous shoals of the "Devil's Grip," than to thread the mazes of the labyrinth of passages, galleries, and apartments, in which

he found himself involved. He remembered, as he expressed it to himself, in a low soliloquy, "to have run into a narrow passage from the main channel, but whether he had sheered to the starboard or larboard hand," was a material fact, that had entirely escaped his memory. Tom was in that part of the building that Colonel Howard had designated as the "cloisters," and in which, luckily for him, he was but little liable to encounter any foe; the room occupied by Borroughcliffe being the only one in the entire wing, that was not exclusively devoted to the service of the ladies. The circumstance of the soldier's being permitted to invade this sanctuary, was owing to the necessity on the part of Colonel Howard, of placing either Griffith, Manual, or the recruiting officer, in the vicinity of his wards, or of subjecting his prisoners to a treatment that the veteran would have thought unworthy of his name and character. This recent change in the quarters of Borroughcliffe, operated doubly to the advantage of Tom, by lessening the chance of the speedy release of his uneasy

captive, as well as by diminishing his own danger. Of the former circumstance he was, however, not aware, and the consideration of the latter was a sort of reflection to which the cockswain was in no degree addicted.

Following, necessarily, the line of the wall, he soon emerged from the dark and narrow passage in which he had first found himself, and entered the principal gallery, that communicated with all the lower apartments of that wing, as well as with the main body of the edifice. An open door through which a strong light was glaring, at a distant end of this gallery, instantly caught his eye, and the old seaman had not advanced many steps towards it before he discovered that he was approaching the very room which had so much excited his curiosity, and by the identical passage through which he had entered the Abbey. To turn, and retrace his steps, was the most obvious course for any man to take who felt anxious to escape; but the sounds of high conviviality, bursting from the cheerful apartment, among which

the cockswain thought he distinguished the name of Griffith, determined Tom to advance and reconnoitre the scene more closely. The reader will anticipate that when he paused in the shadow, the doubting old seaman stood once more near that threshold which he had so lately crossed, when conducted to the room of Borroughcliffe. The seat of that gentleman was now occupied by Dillon, and Colonel Howard had resumed his wonted station at the foot of the table. The noise was chiefly made by the latter, who had evidently been enjoying a more minute relation of the means by which his kinsman had entrapped his unwary enemy.

"A noble ruse!" cried the veteran, as Tom assumed his post, in ambush; "a most noble and ingenious ruse, and such a one as would have baffled Cæsar! he must have been a cunning dog, that Cæsar; but I do think, Kit, you would have been too much for him; hang me, if I don't think you would have puzzled Wolfe himself, had you held Quebec, instead of Montcalm! Ah! boy, we want you in the co-

lonies, with the ermine over your shoulders; such men as you, cousin Christopher, are sadly, sadly wanting there to defend his majesty's rights."

"Indeed, sir, your partiality gives me credit for qualities I do not possess," said Dillon, dropping his eyes, perhaps with a feeling of conscious unworthiness, but with an air of much humility; "the little justifiable artifice—"

"Ay! there lies the beauty of the transaction," interrupted the colonel, shoving the bottle from him, with the free, open air of a man who never harboured disguise; "you told no lie; no mean deception, that any dog, however base and unworthy, might invent; but you practised a neat, a military, a—a—yes, a classical deception, on your enemy; a classical deception, that is the very term for it! such a deception as Pompey, or Mark Antony, or—or—you know those old fellows' names better than I do, Kit; but name the cleverest fellow that ever lived in Greece or Rome, and I shall say he is a dunce, compared to you. 'Twas a real Spartan trick, both simple and honest."

It was extremely fortunate for Dillon that the animation of his aged kinsman kept his head and body in such constant motion, during this apostrophe, as to intercept the aim that the cockswain was deliberately taking at his head, with one of Borroughcliffe's pistols; and perhaps the sense of shame, which induced him to sink his face on his two hands, was another means of saving his life, by giving the indignant old seaman time for reflection.

"But you have not spoken of the ladies," said Dillon, after a moment's pause; "I should hope they have borne the alarm of the day like kinswomen of the family of Howard."

The colonel glanced his eyes around him, as if to assure himself they were alone, and dropped his voice, as he answered—

"Ah! Kit, they have come to, since this rebel scoundrel, Griffith, has been brought into the Abbey; we were favoured with the company of even Miss Howard, in the dining-room, to-day. There was a good

deal of 'dear uncleing,' and 'fears that my life might be exposed by the quarrels and skirmishes of these desperadoes who have landed;' as if an old fellow, who served through the whole war, from '56 to '63, was afraid to let his nose smell gunpowder, any more than if it were snuff! But it will be a hard matter to wheedle an old soldier out of his allegiance! This Griffith goes to the Tower, at least, Mr. Dillon."

"It would be advisable to commit his person to the civil authority, without delay."

"To the Constable of the Tower, the Earl Cornwallis, a good and loyal nobleman, who is, at this moment, fighting the rebels in my own native province, Christopher," interrupted the Colonel; "that will be what I call retributive justice; but," continued the veteran, rising with an air of gentlemanly dignity, "it will not do to permit even the Constable of the Tower of London to surpass the master of St. Ruth, in hospitality and kindness to his prisoners. I have ordered suitable re-

freshments to their apartments, and it is incumbent on me to see that my commands have been properly obeyed. Arrangements must also be made for the reception of this Captain Barnstable, who will doubtless soon be here."

"Within the hour, at farthest," said Dillon, looking uneasily at his watch.

"We must be stirring, boy," continued the Colonel, moving towards the door that led to the apartments of his prisoners; "but there is a courtesy due to the ladies, as well as to these unfortunate violators of the laws—go, Christopher, convey my kindest wishes to Cecilia; she don't deserve them, the obstinate vixen, but then she is my brother Harry's child; and while there, you arch dog, plead your own cause. Mark Antony was a fool to you at a 'ruse,' and yet Mark was one of your successful suitors, too; there was that Queen of the Pyramids ——".

The door closed on the excited veteran, at these words, and Dillon was left standing by himself, at the side of the table, musing, as if in doubt, whether to venture

on the step which his kinsman had proposed or not.

The greater part of the preceding discourse was unintelligible to the cockswain, who had waited its termination with extraordinary patience, in hopes he might obtain some information that he could render of service to the captive officers. Before he had time to decide what was now best for him to do, Dillon suddenly determined to venture himself in the cloisters; and, swallowing a couple of glasses of wine in a breath, he passed the hesitating cockswain, who was concealed by the opening door, so closely as to brush his person, and moved down the gallery with those rapid strides, which men, who act under the impulse of forced resolutions, are very apt to assume, as if to conceal their weakness from themselves. Tom hesitated no longer, but, aiding the impulse given to the door by Dillon as he passed, so as to darken the passage, he followed the sounds of the other's footsteps, while he trod in the manner already described, the stone pavement of the gallery.

Dillon paused an instant at the turning that led to the room of Borroughcliffe, but whether irresolute which way to urge his steps, or listening to the incautious and heavy treads of the cockswain, is not known; if the latter, he mistook them for the echoes of his own footsteps, and moved forward again, without making any discovery.

The light tap which Dillon gave on the door of the withdrawing-room of the cloisters, was answered by the soft voice of Cecilia Howard herself, who bade the applicant enter. There was a slight confusion evident in the manner of the gentleman as he complied with the bidding, and in his hesitancy, the door was for an instant neglected.

"I come, Miss Howard," said Dillon, "by the commands of your uncle, and permit me to add, by my own—"

"May heaven shield us!" exclaimed Cecilia, clasping her hands in affright, and rising involuntarily from her couch; "are we too to be imprisoned and murdered?"

"Surely Miss Howard will not impute

to me"—but Dillon observing that the wild looks not only of Cecilia, but of Katherine and Alice Dunscombe, also, were directed at some other object, turned and to his manifest terror, he beheld the gigantic frame of the cockswain, surmounted by an iron visage, fixed in settled hostility, in possession of the only passage, to or from the apartment.

"If there's murder to be done," said Tom, after surveying the astonished group with a stern eye, "it's as likely this here liar will be the one to do it, as another; but you have nothing to fear from a man who has followed the seas too long, and has grappled with too many monsters, both fish and flesh, not to know how to treat a helpless woman. None who know him, will ever say, that Thomas Coffin ever used uncivil language, or unseaman-like conduct, to any of his mother's kind."

"Coffin!" exclaimed Katherine, advancing with a more confident air, from the corner, into which terror had driven her with her companions.

"Ay Coffin," continued the old sailor,

his grim features gradually relaxing, as he gazed on her bright looks; " 'tis a solemn word, but it's a name that passes over the shoals, among the islands, and along the cape, oftener than any other. My father was a Coffin, and my mother was a Joy; and the two names can count more flukes than all the rest in the island together; though the Worths, and the Gar'ners, and the Swaines, dart better harpoons, and set truer lances, than any men who come from the weather-side of the Atlantic."

Katherine listened to this digression in honour of the whalers of Nantucket, with marked complacency, and, when he concluded, she repeated, slowly—

" Coffin! this, then, is long-Tom!"

" Ay, ay, long-Tom, and no sham in the name either," returned the cockswain, suffering the stern indignation that had lowered around his hard visage, to relax into a low laugh, as he gazed on her animated features; " the Lord bless your smiling face and bright black eyes, young madam; you have heard of old long-Tom then? most likely, 'twas something about

the blow he strikes at the fish—ah! I'm old and I'm stiff, now, young madam, but, afore I was nineteen, I stood at the head of the dance, at a ball on the Cape, and that with a partner almost as handsome as yourself—ay! and this was after I had three broad flukes logg'd against my name."

"No," said Katherine, advancing in her eagerness a step or two nigher to the old tar, her cheeks flushing while she spoke, "I had heard of you as the instructor in a seaman's duty, as the faithful cockswain, nay, I may say, as the devoted companion and friend of Mr. Richard Barnstable—but, perhaps, you come now as the bearer of some message or letter from that gentleman?"

The sound of his commander's name suddenly revived the recollection of Coffin, and with it all the fierce sternness of his manner returned. Bending his eyes keenly on the cowering form of Dillon, he said, in those deep, harsh tones, that seem peculiar to men who have braved the elements, until they appear to have imbibed some of their roughest qualities—

"Liar! how now? what brought old Tom Coffin into these shoals and narrow channels? was it a letter? ha!—but by the Lord that maketh the winds to blow, and teacheth the lost mariner how to steer over the wide waters, you shall sleep this night, villain, on the planks of the Ariel; and if it be the will of God, that beautiful piece of handicraft is to sink at her moorings, like a worthless hulk, ye shall still sleep in her; ay, and a sleep that shall not end, 'till they call all hands, to foot up at the day's-work of this life, at the close of man's longest voyage."

The extraordinary vehemence, the language, the attitude of the old seaman, commanding in its energy, and the honest indignation that shone in every look of his keen eyes, together with the nature of the address, and its paralyzing effect on Dillon, who quailed before it like the stricken deer, united to keep the female listeners, for many moments, silent, through amazement. During this brief period, Tom advanced upon his nerveless victim, and lashing his arms together behind his back,

he fastened him, by a strong cord, to the broad canvas belt that he constantly wore around his own body, leaving to himself by this arrangement, the free use of his arms and weapons of offence, while he secured his captive.

"Surely," said Cecilia, recovering her recollection the first of the astonished group, "Mr. Barnstable has not commissioned you to offer this violence to my uncle's kinsman, under the roof of Colonel Howard?—Miss Plowden, your friend has strangely forgotten himself, in this transaction, if this man acts in obedience to his orders!"

"My friend, my cousin Howard," returned Katherine, "would never commission his cockswain, or any one, to do an unworthy deed. Speak, honest sailor; why do you commit this outrage on the worthy Mr. Dillon, Colonel Howard's kinsman, and a cupboard cousin of St. Ruth's Abbey?"

"Nay, Katherine—"

"Nay, Cecilia, be patient, and let the stranger have utterance; he may solve the difficulty altogether."

The cockswain, understanding that an explanation was expected from his lips, addressed himself to the task, with an energy suitable both to the subject and to his own feelings. In a very few words, though a little obscured by his peculiar diction, he made his listeners understand the confidence that Barnstable had reposed in Dillon, and the treachery of the latter. They heard him with increased astonishment, and Cecilia hardly allowed him time to conclude, before she exclaimed—

"And did Colonel Howard, could Colonel Howard, listen to this treacherous project?"

"Ay, they patched it up among them," returned Tom; "though one part of this cruise will turn out but badly."

"Even Borroughcliffe, cold and hardened as he appears to be by habit, would spurn at such dishonour," added Miss Howard.

"But, Mr. Barnstable?" at length Katherine succeeded in saying, when her feelings permitted her utterance, "said you not, that soldiers were in quest of him?"

"Ay, ay, young madam," the cockswain replied, smiling with grim ferocity, "they are in chase, but he has shifted his anchorage: and even if they should find him, his long pikes would make short work of a dozen red-coats. The Lord of tempests and calms have mercy though, on the schooner! Ah! young madam, she is as lovely to the eyes of an old sea-faring man, as any of your kind can be to human nature."

"But why this delay?—away then, honest Tom, and reveal the treachery to your commander; you may not yet be too late—why delay a moment?"

"The ship tarries for want of a pilot—I could carry three fathom over the shoals of Nantucket, the darkest night that ever shut the windows of heaven, but I should be likely to run upon breakers in this navigation. As it was, I was near getting into company that I should have had to fight my way out of."

"If that be all, follow me," cried the ardent Katherine; "I will conduct you

to a path that leads to the ocean, without approaching the sentinels."

Until this moment, Dillon had entertained a secret expectation of a rescue, but when he heard this proposal, he felt his blood retreating to his heart, from every part of his agitated frame, and his last hope seemed wrested from him. Raising himself from the abject, shrinking attitude, in which both shame and dread had conspired to keep him, as though he had been fettered to the spot, he approached Cecilia, and cried, in tones of horror—

"Do not, do not consent, Miss Howard, to abandon me to the fury of this man! your uncle, your honourable uncle, even now, applauded and united with me in my enterprize, which is no more than a common artifice in war."

"My uncle would unite, Mr. Dillon, in no project of deliberate treachery, like this," said Cecilia, coldly.

"He did, I swear by —"

"Liar!" interrupted the deep tones of the cockswain.

Dillon shivered with agony and terror, while the sounds of this appalling voice sunk into his inmost soul; but as the gloom of the night, the secret ravines of the cliffs, and the turbulence of the ocean, flashed across his imagination, he again yielded to a dread of the horrors to which he should be exposed, in encountering them at the mercy of his powerful enemy, and he continued his solicitations—

"Hear me, once more hear me—Miss Howard, I beseech you, hear me; am I not of your own blood and country! will you see me abandoned to the wild, merciless, malignant fury of this man, who will transfix me with that—oh! God! if you had but seen the sight I beheld in the Alacrity!—hear me, Miss Howard, for the love you bear your Maker, intercede for me. Mr. Griffith shall be released—"

"Liar!" again interrupted the cockswain.

"What promises he?" asked Cecilia, turning her averted face once more at the miserable captive.

"Nothing that will be fulfilled," said

Katherine; "follow, honest Tom, and I, at least, will conduct you in good faith."

"Cruel, obdurate Miss Plowden; gentle, kind Miss Alice, you will not refuse to raise your voice in my favour; your heart is not hardened by any imaginary dangers to those you love."

"Nay, address not me," said Alice, bending her meek eyes to the floor; "I trust your life is in no danger, and I pray that he who has the power, will have the mercy, to see you unharmed."

"Away," said Tom, grasping the collar of the helpless Dillon, and rather carrying than leading him into the gallery; "if a sound, one quarter as loud as a young porpoise makes, when he draws his first breath, comes from you, villain, you shall see the sight of the Alacrity over again. My harpoon keeps its edge well, and the old arm can yet drive it to the seizing."

This menace effectually silenced even the hard perturbed breathings of the captive, who, with his conductor, followed the light steps of Katherine through some of the secret mazes of the building, until, in a few

minutes, they issued through a small door, into the open air. Without pausing to deliberate, Miss Plowden led the cockswain through the grounds to a different wicket from the one by which he had entered the paddock, and pointing to the path, which might be dimly traced along the faded herbage, she bad God bless him, in a voice that discovered her interest in his safety, and vanished from his sight, like an aëriel being.

Tom needed no incentive to his speed, now that his course lay so plainly before him, but, loosening his pistols in his belt, and poising his harpoon, he crossed the fields at a gait that compelled his companion to exert his utmost powers, in the way of walking, to equal. Once or twice, Dillon ventured to utter a word or two, but a stern "silence," from the cockswain, warned him to cease, until, perceiving that they were approaching the cliffs, he made a final effort to obtain his liberty, by hurriedly promising a large bribe. The cockswain made no reply, and the captive was secretly hoping that his scheme was pro-

ducing its wonted effects, when he unexpectedly felt the keen, cold edge of the barbed iron of the harpoon pressing against his breast, through the opening of his ruffles, and even raising the skin.

"Liar," said Tom, "another word, and I'll drive it through your heart."

From that moment, Dillon was as silent as the grave. They reached the edge of the cliffs, without encountering the party that had been sent in quest of Barnstable, and at a point near where they had landed. The old seaman paused an instant on the verge of the precipice, and cast his experienced eyes along the wide expanse of water that lay before him. The sea was no longer sleeping, but already in heavy motion, and rolling its surly waves against the base of the rocks on which he stood, and scattering their white crests high in foam. The cockswain, after bending his looks along the whole line of the eastern horizon, gave utterance to a low and stifled groan, and then striking the staff of his harpoon violently against the earth, he pursued his way along the very edge of

the cliffs, muttering certain dreadful denunciations, which the conscience of his appalled listener did not fail to cause him to apply to himself. It appeared to the latter that his angry and excited leader sought the giddy verge of the precipice with a sort of wanton recklessness, so daring were the steps that he took along its brow, notwithstanding the darkness of the hour, and the violence of the blasts that occasionally rushed by them, leaving behind a kind of re-action, that more than once brought the life of the manacled captive in imminent jeopardy. But it would seem, the wary cockswain had a motive for his apparently inconsiderate desperation. When they had made good quite half the distance between the point where Barnstable had landed, and that where he had appointed to meet his cockswain, the sounds of voices were brought indistinctly to their ears, in one of the momentary pauses of the rushing winds, and caused the cockswain to make a dead stand in his progress. He listened intently, for a single minute, when his resolution appeared

to be taken. He turned to Dillon, and spoke; but though his voice was suppressed and low, it was deep and resolute.

"One word, and you die; over the cliffs. You must take a seaman's ladder; there is footing on the rocks; and crags for your hands. Over the cliff, I bid ye, or I'll cast you into the sea, as I would a dead enemy."

"Mercy, mercy," implored Dillon; "I could not do it in the day; I shall surely perish by this light."

"Over with ye," said Tom, "or I—"

Dillon waited for no more, but descended, with trembling steps, the dangerous precipice which lay before him. He was followed by the cockswain, with a haste that unavoidably dislodged his captive from the trembling stand he had taken on the shelf of a rock, who, to his increased horror, found himself dangling in the air, his body impending over the sullen surf, that was tumbling in, with violence, upon the rocks beneath. An involuntary shriek burst from Dillon, as he felt his person thrust from the narrow

shelf, and his cry sounded amid the tempest, like the screechings of the spirit of the storm.

"Another such call, and I cut your tow-line, villain," said the determined seaman, "when nothing short of eternity will bring you up."

The sounds of footsteps and voices were now distinctly audible, and presently a group of armed men appeared on the edges of the rocks, directly above them.

"It was a human voice," said one of them, "and like a man in distress."

"It cannot be the party we are sent in search of," returned Serjeant Drill; "for no watch-word that I ever heard sounded like that cry."

"They say, that such cries are often heard, in storms, along this coast," said a voice, that was uttered with less of military confidence than the two others; "and they are thought to come from drowned seamen."

A feeble laugh arose among the listeners, and one or two forced jokes were made, at the expense of their superstitious com-

rade; but the scene did not fail to produce its effect on even the most sturdy among the unbelievers in the marvellous; for, after a few more very similar remarks, the whole party retired from the cliffs, at a pace that might have been accelerated by the nature of their discourse. The cockswain, who had stood, all this time, firm as the rock which supported him, bearing up not only his own weight, but the person of Dillon also, raised his head above the brow of the precipice, as they withdrew, to reconnoitre, and then drew up the nearly insensible captive, and first placing him in safety on the bank, he followed himself. Not a moment was wasted in unnecessary explanations, but Dillon found himself again urged forward, with the same velocity as before. In a few minutes they gained the desired ravine, down which Tom plunged, with a seaman's nerve, dragging his prisoner after him, and directly they stood where the waves rose to their feet, as they flowed far and foaming across the sands. The cockswain stooped, so as to bring the crests of the

billows in a line with the horizon, when he discovered the dark boat playing in the outer edge of the surf.

"What hoa! Ariels there;" shouted Tom, in a voice that the growing tempest carried to the ears of the retreating soldiers, who quickened their footsteps, as they listened to sounds that their fears taught them to believe unnatural.

"Who hails?" cried the well known voice of Barnstable.

"Once your master, now your servant," answered the cockswain, in a watch-word of his own invention.

"'Tis he," returned the lieutenant; "veer away, boys, veer away. You must wade into the surf."

Tom caught Dillon in his arms, and throwing him, like a cork, across his shoulder, he dashed into the streak of foam that was bearing the boat on its crest, and before his companion had time for remonstrance or entreaty, he found himself once more by the side of Barnstable.

"Who have we here?" asked the lieutenant; "this is not Griffith!"

"Haul out, and weigh your grapnel," said the cockswain sternly; "and then, boys, if you love the Ariel, pull while the life and the will is left in you."

Barnstable knew his man, and not another question was asked, until the boat was without the breakers; now skimming the rounded summits of the waves, or settling into the hollows of the seas, but always cutting the waters asunder, as she urged her course, with amazing velocity, towards the haven where the schooner had been left at anchor. Then, in a few, but bitter sentences, the cockswain explained to his commander the treachery of Dillon, and the danger of the Ariel.

"The soldiers are slow at a night muster," Tom concluded, "and from what I overheard, the express will have to make a crooked course, to double the head of the bay; so, that but for this north-easter, we might weather upon them yet; but it's a matter that lies altogether in the will of Providence. Pull, my hearties, pull—every thing depends on your oars to-night."

Barnstable listened, in deep silence, to

this unexpected narration, which sounded to the ears of Dillon like his funeral knell. At length, the suppressed voice of the lieutenant was heard, also uttering—

"Wretch! if I should cast you into the sea, as food for the fishes, who could blame me? But if my schooner goes to the bottom, she shall prove your coffin."

CHAPTER XII.

> "Had I been any God of power, I would
> Have sunk the sea within the earth, ere
> It should the good ship so have swallowed."
>
> *Tempest.*

The arms of Dillon were released from their confinement, by the cockswain, as a measure of humane caution against accidents, when they entered the surf, and the captive now availed himself of the circumstance, to bury his features in the folds of his attire, where he brooded over the events of the last few hours with that mixture of malignant passion and pusillanimous dread of the future, that formed the chief ingredients in his character. From this state of apparent quietude, neither Barnstable nor Tom seemed disposed to rouse him by their remarks, for both were too much engaged with their own gloomy forebodings, to indulge in any

unnecessary words. An occasional ejaculation from the former, as if to propitiate the spirit of the storm, as he gazed on the troubled appearance of the elements, or a cheering cry from the latter, to animate his crew, were alone heard amid the sullen roaring of the waters, and the mournful whistling of the winds, that swept heavily across the broad waste of the German ocean. There might have been an hour consumed thus, in a vigorous struggle between the seamen and the growing billows, when the boat doubled the northern headland of the desired haven, and shot, at once, from its boisterous passage along the margin of the breakers, into the placid waters of the sequestered bay. The passing blasts were still heard rushing above the highlands that surrounded, and, in fact, formed the estuary, but the profound stillness of deep night pervaded the secret recesses, along the unruffled surface of its waters. The shadows of the hills seemed to have accumulated, like a mass of gloom, in the centre of the basin, and though every eye involuntarily turned to search,

it was in vain that the anxious seamen endeavoured to discover their little vessel, through its density. While the boat glided into this quiet scene, Barnstable observed—

"Every thing is as still as death."

"God send it is not the stillness of death!" ejaculated the cockswain; "here, here," he continued, speaking in a lower tone, as if fearful of being overheard, "here she lies, sir, more to-port; look into the streak of clear sky above the marsh, on the starboard hand of the wood, there; that long black line is her main-top-mast; I know it by the rake; and there is her night-pennant fluttering about that bright star; ay, ay, sir, there go our own stars aloft yet, dancing among the stars in the heavens! God bless her! God bless her! she rides as easy and as quiet as a gull asleep!"

"I believe all in her sleep too," returned his commander; "ha! by heavens we have arrived in good time; the soldiers are moving!"

The quick eye of Barnstable had detect-

ed the glimmering of passing lanterns, as they flitted across the embrásures of the battery, and, at the next moment, the guarded but distinct sounds of an active bustle, on the decks of the schooner, were plainly audible. The lieutenant was rubbing his hands together, with a sort of ecstacy, that probably will not be understood by the great majority of our readers, while long Tom was actually indulging in a paroxysm of his low, spiritless laughter, as these certain intimations of the safety of the Ariel, and of the vigilance of her crew, were conveyed to their ears; when the whole hull and taper spars of their floating home became unexpectedly visible, and the sky, the placid basin, and the adjacent hills, were illuminated by a flash as sudden and as vivid as the keenest lightning. Both Barnstable and his cockswain, seemed instinctively to strain their eyes towards the schooner, with an effort to surpass human vision, but ere the rolling reverberations of the report of a heavy piece of ordnance, from the heights, had commenced, the dull, whistling rush of the shot

swept over their heads, like the moaning of a hurricane, and was succeeded by the plash of the waters, which was followed, in a breath, by the rattling of the mass of iron, as it bounded with violent fury from rock to rock, shivering and tearing the fragments that lined the margin of the bay.

"A bad aim with the first gun, generally leaves your enemy clean decks," said the cockswain, with his deliberate sort of philosophy; "smoke makes but dim spectacles; besides, the night always grows darkest, as you call off the morning watch."

"That boy is a miracle for his years!" rejoined the delighted lieutenant; "see, Tom, the younker has shifted his berth in the dark, and the Englishmen have fired by the day-range they must have taken, for we left him in a direct line between the battery and yon hommoc! what would have become of us, if that heavy fellow had plunged upon our decks, and gone out below the water-line!"

"We should have sunk into English mud, for eternity, as sure as our metal

and kentledge would have taken us down," responded Tom; "such a point-blanker would have torn off a streak of our wales, outboard, and not even left the marines time to say a prayer! tend bow there!"

It is not to be supposed that the crew of the whale-boat continued idle during this interchange of opinions between the lieutenant and his cockswain; on the contrary, the sight of their vessel acted on them like a charm, and believing that all necessity for caution was now over, they had expended their utmost strength in efforts, that had already brought them, as the last words of Tom indicated, to the side of the Ariel. Though every nerve of Barnstable was thrilling with the excitement produced, by his feelings passing from a state of the most doubtful apprehension, to that of a revived and almost confident hope of effecting his escape, he assumed the command of his vessel, with all that stern but calm authority, that seamen find it most necessary to exert in the moments of extremest danger. Any one of the heavy shot that their enemies con-

tinued to hurl from their heights into the darkness of the haven, he well knew must prove fatal to them, as it would, unavoidably, pass through the slight fabric of the Ariel, and open a passage to the water, that no means he possessed could remedy. His mandates were, therefore, issued, with a full perception of the critical nature of the emergency, but with that collectedness of manner, and intonation of voice, that were best adapted to enforce a ready and animated obedience. Under this impulse, the crew of the schooner soon got their anchor freed from the bottom, and, seizing their sweeps, they forced her, by their united efforts, directly in the face of the battery, under that shore, whose summit was now crowned with a canopy of smoke, that every discharge of the ordnance tinged with dim colours, like the faintest tints that are reflected from the clouds towards a setting sun. So long as the seamen were enabled to keep their little bark under the cover of the hill, they were, of course, safe; but Barnstable perceived, as they emerged from its shadow, and were draw-

ing nigh to the passage which led into the ocean, that the action of his sweeps would no longer avail them against the currents of air they encountered, neither would the darkness conceal their movements from his enemy, who had already employed men on the shore to discern the position of the schooner. Throwing off at once, therefore, all appearance of disguise, he gave forth the word to spread the canvas of his vessel, in his ordinary cheerful manner.

"Let them do their worst now, Merry," he added; "we have brought them to a distance that I think will keep their iron above water, and we have no dodge about us, younker!"

"It must be keener marksmen than the militia, or volunteers, or fencibles, or whatever they call themselves, behind yon grass-bank, to frighten the saucy Ariel from the wind," returned the reckless boy;—"but why have you brought Jonah aboard us again, sir? look at him, by the light of the cabin lamp; he winks at every gun, as if he expected the shot would hull his own

ugly, yellow physiognomy. And what tidings have we sir, from Mr. Griffith, and the marine?"

"Name him not," said Barnstable, pressing the shoulder on which he lightly leaned, with a convulsive grasp, that caused the boy to yield with pain; "name him not, Merry; I want my temper and my faculties at this moment undisturbed, and thinking of the wretch unfits me for my duty. But, there will come a time! go forward, sir; we feel the wind, and have a narrow passage to work through."

The boy obeyed a mandate which was given in the usual prompt manner of their profession, and which, he well understood, was intended to intimate, that the distance which years and rank had created between them, but which Barnstable often chose to forget while communing with Merry, was now to be resumed. The sails had been loosened and set; and, as the vessel approached the throat of the passage, the gale, which was blowing with increasing violence, began to make a very sensible impression on the light bark. The cock-

swain, who, in the absence of most of the inferior officers, had been acting, on the forecastle, the part of one who felt, from his years and experience, that he had some right to advise, if not to command, at such a juncture, now walked to the station which his commander had taken, near the helmsman, as if willing to place himself in the way of being seen.

"Well, Master Coffin," said Barnstable, who well understood the propensity his old shipmate had to commune with him, on all important occasions, "what think you of the cruise, now? Those gentlemen on the hill make a great noise, but I have lost even the whistling of their shot; one would think they could see our sails against the broad band of light which is opening to seaward."

"Ay, ay, sir, they see us, and mean to hit us too, but we are running across their fire, and that with a ten-knot breeze; but when we heave in stays, and get in a line with their guns, we shall see, and, it may be, feel, more of their work than we do

now; a thirty-two an't trained as easily as a fowling-piece or a ducking gun."

Barnstable was struck with the truth of this observation, but as there existed an immediate necessity for placing the schooner in the very situation to which the other alluded, he gave his orders at once, and the vessel came out, and ran with her head pointing towards the sea, in as short a time as we have taken to record it.

"There, they have us now, or never," cried the lieutenant, when the evolution was completed; "if we fetch to windward of the northern point, we shall lay out into the offing, and in ten minutes we might laugh at Queen Anne's pocket-piece; which, you know, old boy, sent a ball from Dover to Calais."

"Ay, sir, I've heard of the gun," returned the grave seaman, "and a lively piece it must have been, if the streights were always of the same width they are now. But I see that, Captain Barnstable, which is more dangerous than a dozen of the heaviest cannon that were ever cast,

could be at half a league's distance. The water is bubbling through our lee-scuppers, already, sir."

"And what of that? haven't I buried her guns often, and yet kept every spar in her without a crack or a splinter?"

"Ay, ay, sir, you have done it, and can do it again, where there is sea-room, which is all that a man wants for comfort in this life. But when we are out of these chops, we shall be embayed, with a heavy north-easter setting dead into the bight; it is that which I fear, Captain Barnstable, more than all the powder and ball in the whole island."

"And yet, Tom, the balls are not to be despised, either; those fellows have found out their range, and send their iron within hail, again; we walk pretty fast, Master Coffin, but a thirty-two can out-travel us, with the best wind that ever blew."

Tom threw a cursory glance towards the battery, which had renewed its fire with a spirit that denoted they saw their object, as he answered—

"It is never worth a man's while to

strive to dodge a shot, for they are all commissioned to do their work, the same as a ship is commissioned to cruise in certain latitudes; but for the winds and the weather, they are given for a seafaring man to guard against, by making or shortening sail, as the case may be. Now, the headland to the southward, stretches full three leagues to windward, and the shoals lie to the north; among which God keep us from ever running this craft again."

"We will beat her out of the bight, old fellow," cried the lieutenant; "we shall have a leg of three leagues in length to do it in."

"I've known longer legs too short," returned the cockswain, with a deep sigh; "a tumbling sea, with a lee-tide, on a lee-shore, make a sad lee-way."

The lieutenant was in the act of replying to this saying, with a cheerful laugh, when the whistling of a passing shot was instantly succeeded by the crash of splintered wood, and at the next moment the head of the main-mast, after tottering for

an instant in the gale, fell towards the deck, bringing with it the main-sail, and the long line of top-mast, that had been bearing the emblems of America, as the cockswain had expressed it, among the stars of the heavens.

"That was a most unlucky hit!" Barnstable suffered to escape him, in the concern of the moment; then, instantly resuming all his collectedness of manner and voice, he gave his orders to clear the wreck, and secure the fluttering canvas.

The mournful forebodings of Tom seemed to vanish at the appearance of a necessity for his exertions, and he was foremost among the crew in executing the orders of their commander. The loss of all the sail on their main-mast forced the Ariel so much from her course, as to render it difficult to weather the point that jutted under her lee, for some distance into the ocean. This desirable object was however effected by the skill of Barnstable, aided by the excellent properties of his vessel; and the schooner, borne down by the power of the gale, from

whose fury she had now no protection, passed heavily along the land, heading, as far as possible, from the breakers, while the seamen were engaged in making their preparations to display as much of the canvas of their most important sail as the stump of their mast would allow them to spread. The firing from the battery ceased, as the Ariel rounded the little promontory; but Barnstable, whose gaze was now bent entirely on the ocean, soon perceived that, as his cockswain had predicted, he had a much more threatening danger to encounter, in the elements. When their damages were repaired, so far as circumstances would permit, the cockswain returned to his wonted station near the lieutenant, and after a momentary pause, during which his eyes roved over the rigging, with a seaman's scrutiny, he resumed the discourse—

"It would have been better for us that the best man in the schooner had lost a limb, by that shot, than that the Ariel should have lost her best leg; a main-sail

close-reefed, may be prudent canvas, as the wind blows, but it carries a poor luff to keep a craft to windward."

"What would you have, Tom Coffin?" retorted his commander; "you see she draws ahead, and off-shore; do you expect a vessel to fly in the very teeth of a gale, or would you have me ware and beach her at once?"

"I would have nothing, nothing, Captain Barnstable," returned the old seaman, sensibly touched at his commander's displeasure; "you are as able as any man who ever trod a plank to work her into an offing; but, sir, when that soldier-officer told me of the scheme to sink the Ariel at her anchor, there were such feelings come athwart me as never crossed me afore. I thought I saw her a wrack, as plainly, ay, as plainly as you may see the stump of that mast; and, I will own it, for it's as natural to love the craft you sail in, as it is to love one's self, I will own that my manhood fetched a heavy lee-lurch at the sight."

"Away with ye, ye old sea-croaker! forward with ye, and see that the head

sheets are trimmed flat. But hold! come hither, Tom; if you have sights of wrecks, and sharks, and other beautiful objects, keep them stowed in your own silly brain; don't make a ghost parlour of my forecastle. The lads begin to look to leeward, now, oftener than I would have them. Go, sirrah, go, and take example from Mr. Merry, who is seated on your namesake there, and is singing as if he were a chorister in his father's church."

"Ah! Captain Barnstable, Mr. Merry is a boy, and knows nothing, so fears nothing. But I shall obey your orders, sir; and if the men fall astern this gale, it sha'n't be for anything they'll hear from old Tom Coffin."

The cockswain lingered a moment, notwithstanding his promised obedience, and then ventured to request, that—

"Captain Barnstable would please to call Mr. Merry from the gun; for I know from having followed the seas my natural life, that singing in a gale is sure to bring the wind down upon a vessel the heavier; for He who rules the tempests is displeased

that man's voice shall be heard, when He chooses to send His own breath on the water."

Barnstable was at a loss, whether to laugh at his cockswain's infirmity, or to yield to the impression which his earnest and solemn manner had a powerful tendency to produce, amid such a scene. But, making an effort to shake off the superstitious awe that he felt creeping around his own heart, the lieutenant relieved the mind of the worthy seaman so far as to call the careless boy from his perch, to his own side; where respect for the sacred character of the quarter-deck, instantly put an end to the lively air he had been humming. Tom walked slowly forward, apparently much relieved by the reflection that he had effected so important an object.

The Ariel continued to struggle against the winds and ocean for several hours longer, before the day broke on the tempestuous scene, and the anxious mariners were enabled to form a more accurate estimate of their real danger. As the violence of the gale increased, the canvas of the

schooner had been gradually reduced, until she was unable to show more than was absolutely necessary to prevent her driving, helplessly, on the land. Barnstable watched the appearance of the weather, as the light slowly opened upon them, with an intensity of anxiety, which denoted, that the presentiments of the cockswain were no longer deemed idle. On looking to windward, he beheld the green masses of water that were rolling in towards the land, with a violence that seemed irresistible, crowned with ridges of foam; and there were moments when the air appeared filled with sparkling gems, as the rays of the rising sun fell upon the spray that was swept from wave to wave. Towards the land, the view was still more appalling. The cliffs, but a short half-league under the lee of the schooner, were, at times, nearly hid from the eye by the pyramids of water, which the furious element, so suddenly restrained in its violence, cast high into the air, as if seeking to overstep the boundaries that nature had affixed to its dominion. The whole coast, from the

distant head-land at the south, to the well known shoals that stretched far beyond their course, in the opposite direction, displayed a broad belt of foam, into which it would have been certain destruction for the proudest ship that swam, to have entered. Still the Ariel floated on the billows, lightly and in safety, though yielding to the impulses of the waters, and, at times, appearing to be engulphed in the yawning chasms, which apparently opened beneath her to receive the little fabric. The low rumour of acknowledged danger had found its way through the schooner, and the seamen, after fastening their hopeless looks on the small spot of canvas that they were enabled to show to the tempest, would turn to view the dreary line of coast, that seemed to offer so gloomy an alternative. Even Dillon, to whom the report of their danger had found its way, crept from his place of concealment in the cabin, and moved about the decks, unheeded, devouring with greedy ears, such opinions as fell from the lips of the sullen mariners.

At this moment of appalling apprehension, the cockswain exhibited the most calm resignation. He knew that all had been done, that lay in the power of man, to urge their little vessel from the land, and it was now too evident to his experienced eyes, that it had been done in vain; but, considering himself as a sort of fixture in the schooner, he was quite prepared to abide her fate, be it for better or for worse. The settled look of gloom that gathered around the frank brow of Barnstable, was in no degree connected with any considerations of himself, but proceeded from that sort of parental responsibility, from which the sea-commander is never exempt. The discipline of the crew, however, still continued perfect and unyielding. There had, it is true, been a slight movement made by two of the oldest seamen, which indicated an intention to drown the apprehensions of death in ebriety; but Barnstable had called for his pistols, in a tone that checked the procedure instantly, and, although the fatal weapons were untouched by him, but were left to lie exposed on the

capstan, where they had been placed by his servant, not another symptom of insubordination appeared among the devoted crew. There was even, what to a landsman might seem a dreadful affectation of attention to the most trifling duties of the vessel; and the men, who, it should seem, ought to be devoting the brief moments of their existence to the mighty business of the hour, were constantly called to attend to the most trivial details of their profession. Ropes were coiled, and the slightest damages occasioned by the waves, that at short intervals swept across the low decks of the Ariel, were repaired, with the same precision and order, as if she yet lay embayed in the haven from which she had just been driven. In this manner, the arm of authority was kept extended over the silent crew, not with the vain desire to preserve a lingering, though useless exercise of power, but with a view to maintain that unity of action, that now could alone afford them even a ray of hope.

"She can make no head against this sea,

under that rag of canvas," said Barnstable, gloomily; addressing the cockswain, who, with folded arms, and an air of cool resignation, was balancing his body on the verge of the quarter-deck, while the schooner was plunging madly into waves that nearly buried her in their bosom; "the poor little thing trembles like a frightened child as she meets the water."

Tom sighed heavily, and shook his head before he answered—

"If we could have kept the head of the main-mast an hour longer, we might have got an offing, and fetched to windward of the shoals; but, as it is, sir, mortal man can't drive a craft to windward—she sets bodily in to land, and will be in the breakers in less than an hour, unless God wills that the winds shall cease to blow."

"We have no hope left us, but to anchor; our ground tackle may yet bring her up."

Tom turned to his commander, and replied, solemnly, and with that assurance of manner, that long experience only can give a man in moments of great danger—

"If our sheet-cable was bent to our heaviest anchor, this sea would bring it home, though nothing but her launch was riding by it. A north-easter in the German ocean must and will blow itself out; nor shall we get the crown of the gale until the sun falls over the land. Then, indeed, it may lull; for the winds do often seem to reverence the glory of the heavens, too much to blow their might in its very face!"

"We must do our duty to ourselves and the country," returned Barnstable; "go, get the two bowers spliced, and have a kedge bent to a hawser; we'll back our two anchors together, and veer to the better end of two hundred and forty fathoms; it may yet bring her up. See all clear there for anchoring, and cutting away the masts—we'll leave the wind nothing but a naked hull to whistle over."

"Ay, if there was nothing but the wind, we might yet live to see the sun sink behind them hills," said the cockswain; "but what hemp can stand the strain of a craft that is buried, half the time, to her foremast in the water!"

The order was, however, executed by the crew, with a sort of desperate submission to the will of their commander; and when the preparations were completed, the anchors and kedge were dropped to the bottom, and the instant that the Ariel tended to the wind, the axe was applied to the little that was left of her long, raking masts. The crash of the falling spars, as they came, in succession, across the decks of the vessel, appeared to produce no sensation amid that scene of complicated danger, but the seamen proceeded in silence, in their hopeless duty, of clearing the wrecks. Every eye followed the floating timbers, as the waves swept them away from the vessel, with a sort of feverish curiosity, to witness the effect produced by their collision with those rocks that lay so fearfully near them; but long before the spars entered the wide border of foam, they were hid from view by the furious element in which they floated. It was now felt by the whole crew of the Ariel, that their last means of safety had been adopted, and, at each

desperate and headlong plunge the vessel took, into the bosom of the seas that rolled upon her forecastle, the anxious seamen thought they could perceive the yielding of the iron that yet clung to the bottom, or could hear the violent surge of the parting strands of the cable, that still held them to their anchors. While the minds of the sailors were agitated with the faint hopes that had been excited by the movements of their schooner, Dillon had been permitted to wander about the vessel, unnoticed; his rolling eyes, hard breathing, and clenched hands, exciting no observation among the men, whose thoughts were yet dwelling on the means of safety. But, now, when, with a sort of frenzied desperation, he would follow the retiring waters along the decks, and venture his person nigh the group that had collected around and on the gun of the cockswain, glances of fierce or of sullen vengeance were cast at him, that conveyed threats of a nature that he was too much agitated to understand.

"If ye are tired of this world, though

your time, like my own, is probably but short in it," said Tom to him, as he passed the cockswain in one of his turns, "you can go forward among the men; but if ye have need of the moments to foot up the reck'ning of your doings among men, afore ye're brought to face your Maker, and hear the log-book of heaven, I would advise you to keep as nigh as possible to Captain Barnstable or myself."

"Will you promise to save me, if the vessel is wrecked!" exclaimed Dillon, catching at the first sounds of friendly interest that had reached his ears, since he had been recaptured; "Oh! if you will, I can secure you future ease; yes, wealth, for the remainder of your days!"

"Your promises have been too ill kept, afore this, for the peace of your soul," returned the cockswain, without bitterness, though sternly; "but it is not in me to strike even a whale, that is already spouting blood."

The intercessions of Dillon were interrupted by a dreadful cry, that arose among the men forward, and which sounded with

increased horror, amid the roaring of the tempest. The schooner rose on the breast of a wave at the same instant, and, falling off with her broad side to the sea, she drove in towards the cliffs, like a bubble on the rapids of a cataract.

"Our ground tackle has parted," said Tom, with his resigned patience of manner undisturbed; "she shall die as easy as man can make her!" While he yet spoke, he seized the tiller, and gave to the vessel such a direction, as would be most likely to cause her to strike the rocks with her bows foremost.

There was, for one moment, an expression of exquisite anguish, betrayed in the dark countenance of Barnstable; but at the next, it passed away, and he spoke cheerfully to his men—

"Be steady, my lads, be calm; there is yet a hope of life for *you*—our light draught will let us run in close to the cliffs, and it is still falling water—see your boats clear, and be steady."

The crew of the whale-boat, aroused by this speech, from a sort of stupor, sprang into their light vessel, which was quickly

lowered into the sea, and kept riding on the foam, free from the sides of the schooner, by the powerful exertions of the men. The cry for the cockswain was earnest and repeated, but Tom shook his head, without replying, still grasping the tiller, and keeping his eyes steadily bent on the chaos of waters, into which they were driving. The launch, the largest boat of the two, was cut loose from the "gripes," and the bustle and exertion of the moment rendered the crew insensible to the horror of the scene that surrounded them. But the loud, hoarse call of the cockswain, to "look out—secure yourselves!" suspended even their efforts, and at that instant the Ariel settled on a wave that melted from under her, heavily on the rocks. The shock was so violent as to throw all who disregarded the warning cry, from their feet, and the universal quiver that pervaded the vessel was like the last shudder of animated nature. For a time long enough to breathe, the least experienced among the men supposed the danger to be past; but a wave of great height followed the one that had deserted

them, and raising the vessel again, threw her roughly still further on her bed of rocks, and at the same time its crest broke over her quarter, sweeping the length of her decks, with a fury that was almost resistless. The shuddering seamen beheld their loosened boat, driven from their grasp, and dashed against the base of the cliffs, where no fragment of her wreck could be traced, at the receding of the waters. But the passing wave had thrown the vessel into a position which, in some measure, protected her decks from the violence of those that succeeded it.

"Go, my boys, go," said Barnstable, as the moment of dreadful uncertainty passed; "you have still the whale-boat, and she, at least, will take you nigh the shore; go into her, my boys; God bless you, God bless you all; you have been faithful and honest fellows, and I believe he will not yet desert you; go, my friends, while there is a lull."

The seamen threw themselves, in a mass of human bodies, into the light vessel, which nearly sunk under the unusual burden; but when they looked around them, Barnstable, Merry, Dillon, and the

cockswain, were yet to be seen on the decks of the Ariel. The former was pacing, in deep, and perhaps bitter melancholy, the wet planks of the schooner, while the boy hung, unheeded, on his arm, uttering disregarded petitions to his commander, to desert the wreck. Dillon approached the side where the boat lay, again and again, but the threatening countenances of the seamen as often drove him back in despair. Tom had seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit: where he continued, in an attitude of quiet resignation, returning no other answers to the loud and repeated calls of his shipmates, than by waving his hand toward the shore.

"Now hear me," said the boy, urging his request, to tears; "if not for my sake, or for your own sake, Mr. Barnstable, or for the hope of God's mercy; go into the boat for the love of my cousin Katherine."

The young lieutenant paused in his troubled walk, and for a moment he cast a glance of hesitation at the cliffs; but, at the next instant, his eyes fell on the ruin of his vessel, and he answered—

"Never, boy, never; if my hour has come, I will not shrink from my fate."

"Listen to the men, dear sir; the boat will be swamped along-side the wreck, and their cry is, that without you they will not let her go."

Barnstable motioned to the boat, to bid the boy enter it, and turned away in silence.

"Well," said Merry, with firmness, "if it be right that a lieutenant shall stay by a wreck, it must also be right for a midshipman; shove off; neither Mr. Barnstable nor myself will quit the vessel."

"Boy, your life has been intrusted to my keeping, and at my hands will it be required," said his commander, lifting the struggling youth, and tossing him into the arms of the seamen. "Away with ye, and God be with you; there is more weight in you, now, than can go safe to land."

Still, the seamen hesitated, for they perceived the cockswain moving, with a steady tread, along the deck, and they hoped he had relented, and would yet persuade the lieutenant to join his crew. But Tom, imitating the example of his commander, seized the latter, and

denly, in his powerful grasp, and threw him over the bulwarks, with an irresistible force. At the same moment, he cast the fast of the boat from the pin that held it, and, lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest.

"God's will be done with me," he cried; "I saw the first timber of the Ariel laid, and shall live just long enough to see it torn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer."

But his shipmates were swept far beyond the sounds of his voice, before half these words were uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and, as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time; it fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjacent rocks. The cockswain still remained where he had cut off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves; some making powerful and well-directed efforts to

gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed, in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy, as he saw Barnstable issue from the surf, bearing the form of Merry in safety to the sands, where, one by one, several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried, in a similar manner, to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal, from his reluctant eyes, the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks, with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood, in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene we have related; but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly through his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

"When the tide falls," he said, in a voice

that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, "we shall be able to walk to land."

"There was One, and only One, to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck," returned the cockswain; "and none but such as have his power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands." The old seaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added, with reverence —"Had you thought more of him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest."

"Do you still think there is much danger?" asked Dillon.

"To them that have reason to fear death; listen! do ye hear that hollow noise beneath ye?"

"'Tis the wind, driving by the vessel!"

"'Tis the poor thing herself," said the affected cockswain, "giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks, and in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave,

will be like the chips that fell from her timbers in framing!"

"Why, then, did you remain here!" cried Dillon, wildly.

"To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God," returned Tom; "these waves to me, are what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave."

"But I—I," shrieked Dillon, "I am not ready to die! I cannot die!—I will not die!"

"Poor wretch," muttered his companion; "you must go, like the rest of us; when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster."

"I can swim," Dillon continued, rushing, with frantic eagerness, to the side of the wreck. "Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?"

"None; every thing has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God!"

"God!" echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy; "I know no God! there is no God that knows me!"

"Peace!" said the deep tones of the cockswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; "blasphemer, peace!"

The heavy groaning, produced by the water in the timbers of the Ariel, at that moment, added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea.

The water, thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach, was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places, favourable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the "under-tow," Dillon had, unknowingly, thrown his person, and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance